BOSS RUSH

PRESS START
P1
P2

MAIN QUEST

BOSS RUSH CHALLENGE!

Excuse me, adventurer. We need you to intervene.

Times are dire, very dire indeed. Dotzines headquarters have been surrounded by numerous bosses. Their numbers are growing at an alarming rate, it's only a matter of time before they'll strike. Fortunately they haven't formed a big group yet, so they should be easier to deal with. Hero, please get rid of those monsters. We need you to go out there and disrupt their activities, kill them, destroy their camps, do whatever it takes to stop those villains. We had hoped we could join you, but unfortunately we cannot. But you won't need our help anyway. Tread carefully hero, only a fool would underestimate those bosses. Many have tried before you and never returned. Try to kill all those who stand in your way, we don't need their filth in our zines.

I hope you're not looking for a big reward, but we'll still be able to reward you with something decent. Be swift and strike true hero, we're counting on you. Justice will prevail and today you are our justice.

Don't be shy and take this!

REWARD: G 10000000000,99
BONUS: +50% if bosses slain in order

SOCIAL QUEST!

Be smart, young hero! Check Dotzines socials and be updated with all the best free-for-all zines!

REWARD: G 500
BONUS: follow us and gain our appreciation

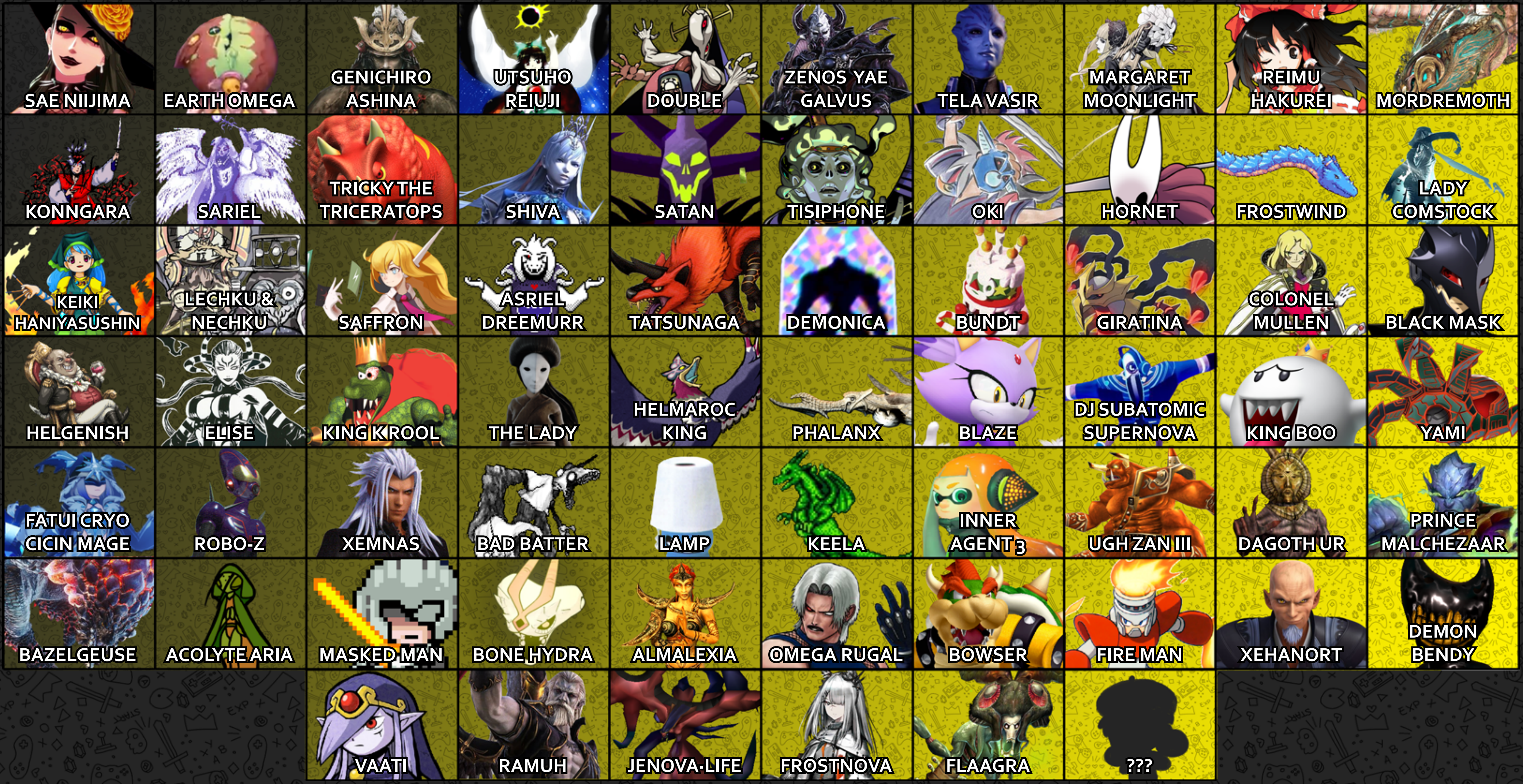
SOCIAL QUEST: THE INFAMOUS RETURN!!!

Did you check all socials already?!? Good job adventurer! Now go ahead and download our previous zines. You won't be disappointed!

REWARD: 💎 300

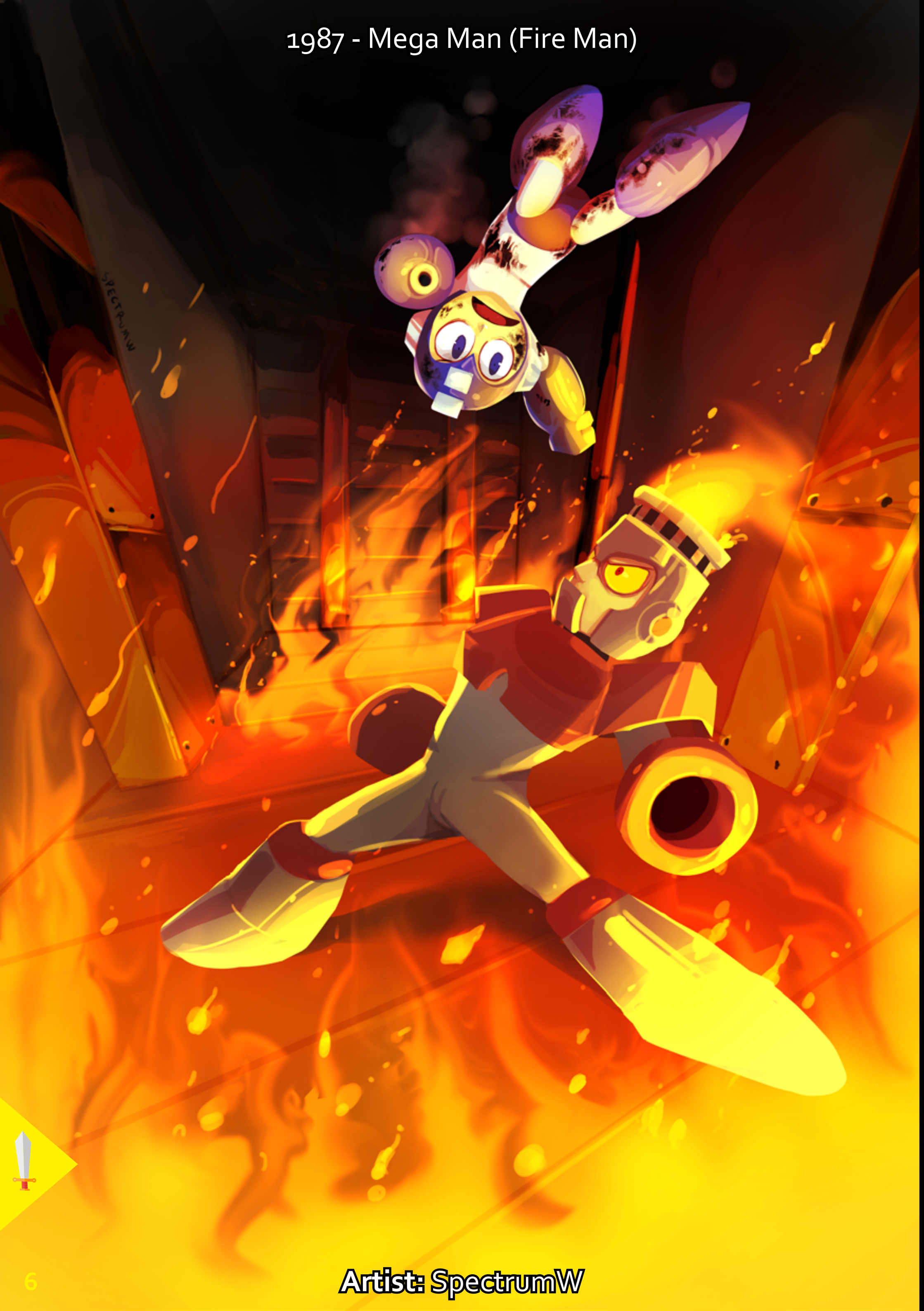
The content of this zine can't be printed, sold or reposted. Please respect the hard work behind this free project.
If you want to share this zine, retweet/reblog/share our official social posts. Thank you.

CHOOSE YOUR OPPONENT!


SAE NIIJIMA
EARTH OMEGA
GENICHIRO ASHINA
UTSUHO REIUJI
DOUBLE
ZENOS YAE GALVUS
TELA VASIR
MARGARET MOONLIGHT
REIMU HAKUREI
MORDREMOTH
KONNGARA
SARIEL
TRICKY THE TRICERATOPS
SHIVA
SATAN
TISIPHONE
OKI
HORNET
FROSTWIND
LADY COMSTOCK
KEIKI HANIYASUSHIN
LECHKU & NECHKU
SAFFRON
ASRIEL DREEMURR
TATSUNAGA
DEMONICA
BUNDT
GIRATINA
COLONEL MULLEN
BLACK MASK
HELGENISH
ELISE
KING K ROOL
THE LADY
HELMAROC KING
PHALANX
BLAZE
DJ SUBATOMIC SUPERNOVA
KING BOO
YAMI
FATUI CRYO CICIN MAGE
ROBO-Z
XEMNAS
BAD BATTER
LAMP
KEELA
INNER AGENT 3
UGH ZAN III
DAGOTH UR
PRINCE MALCHEZAAR
BAZELGEUSE
ACOLYTE ARIA
MASKED MAN
BONE HYDRA
ALMALEXIA
OMEGA RUGAL
BOWSER
FIRE MAN
XEHANORT
DEMON BENDY
VAATI
RAMUH
JENOVA-LIFE
FROSTNOVA
FLAAGRA
???

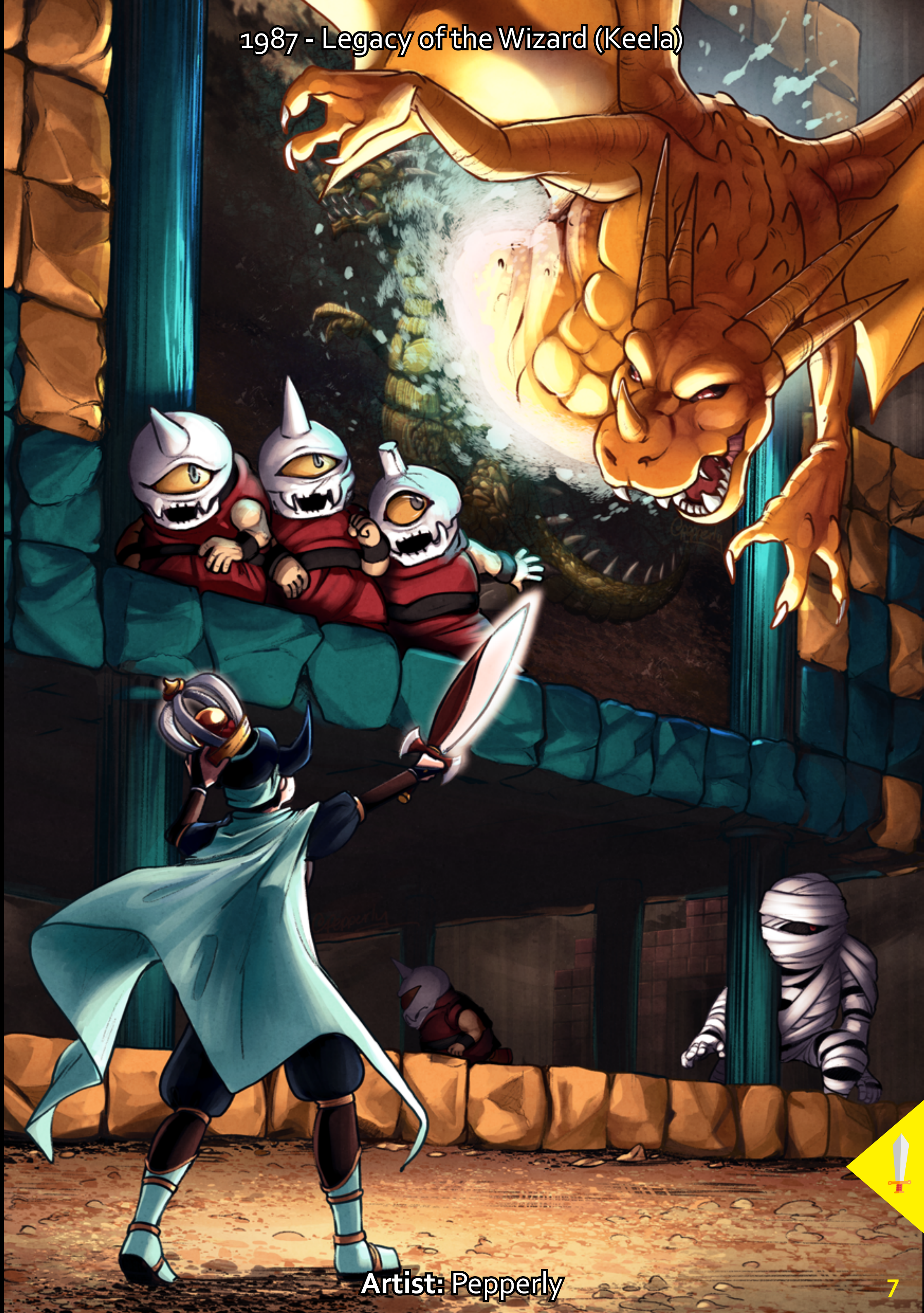
If you ever find yourself in big trouble with a boss don't hesitate and USE YOUR SWORD!!!

1987 - Mega Man (Fire Man)



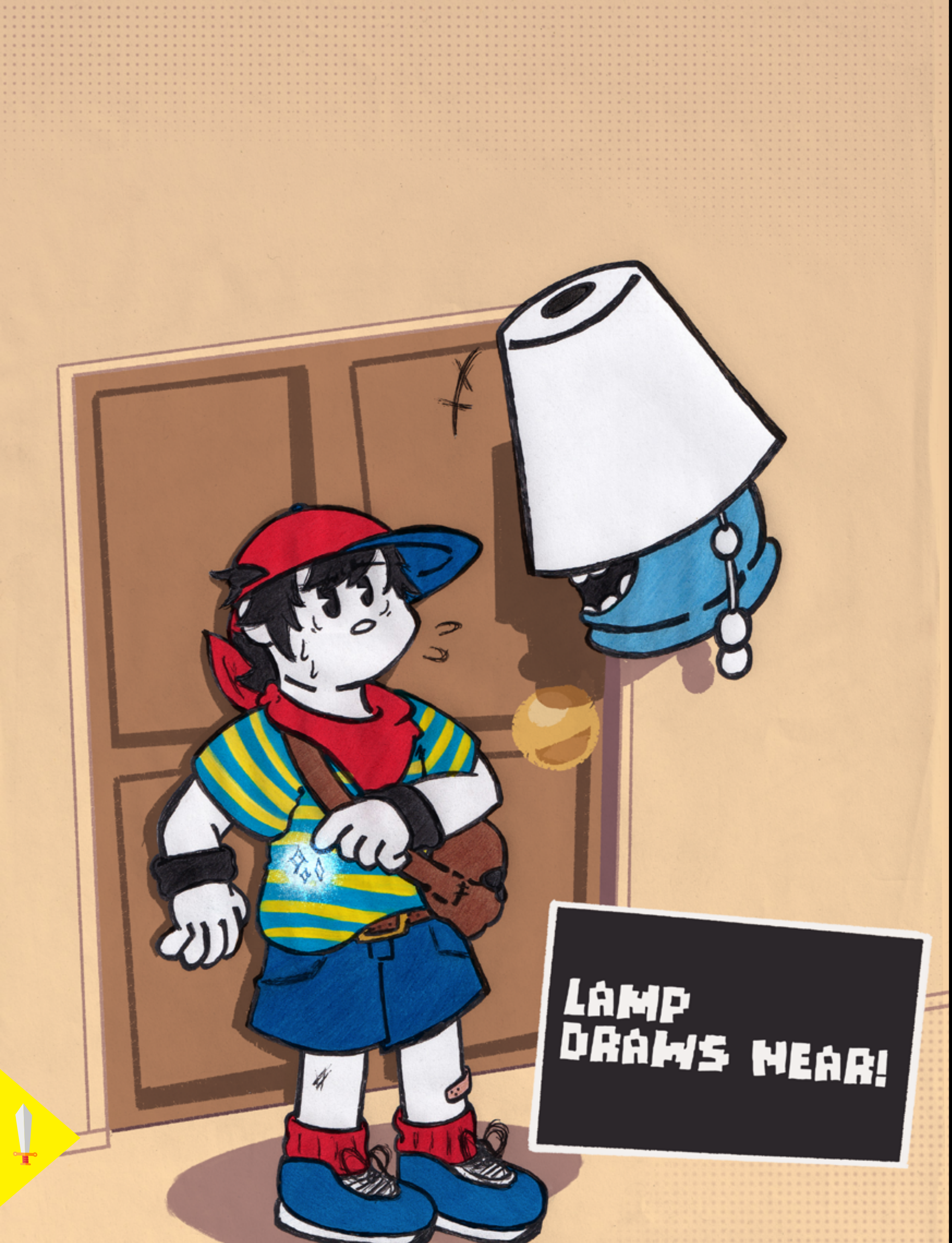
Artist: SpectrumW

1987 - Legacy of the Wizard (Keela)



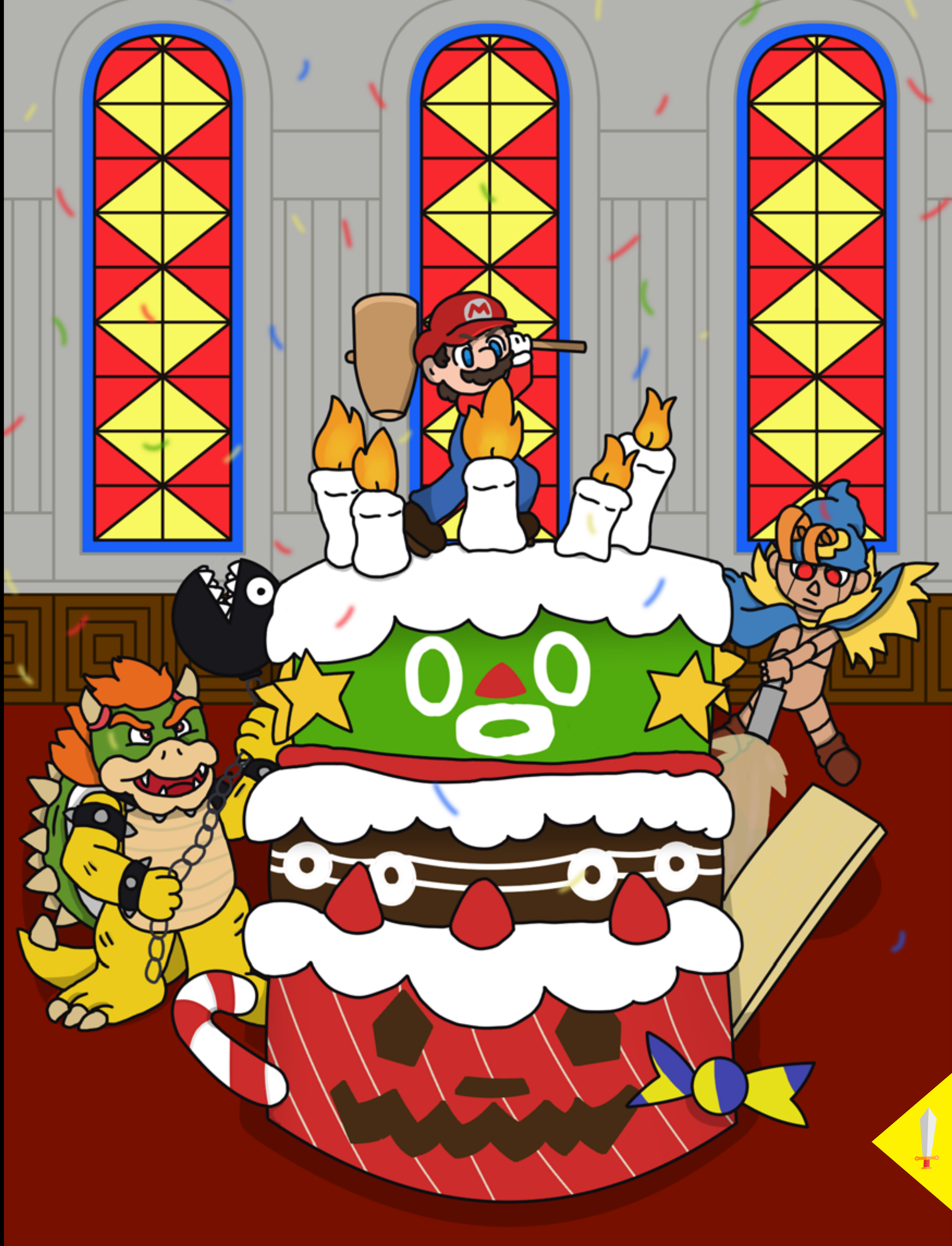
Artist: Pepperly

1989 - EarthBound Beginnings (Lamp)


LAMP
DRAWS NEAR!

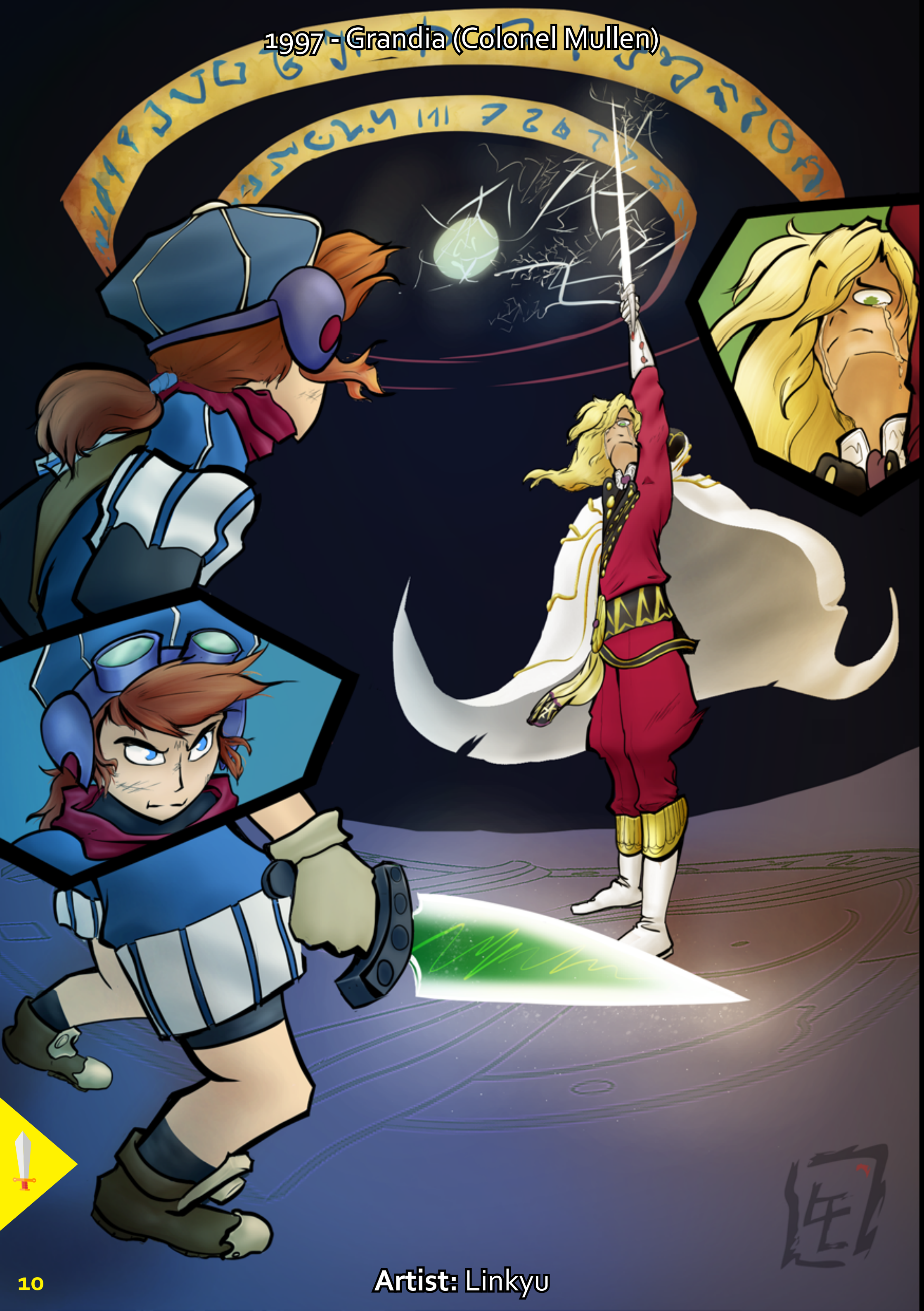
Artist: Pants

1996 - Super Mario RPG: Legend of the Seven Stars (Bundt)



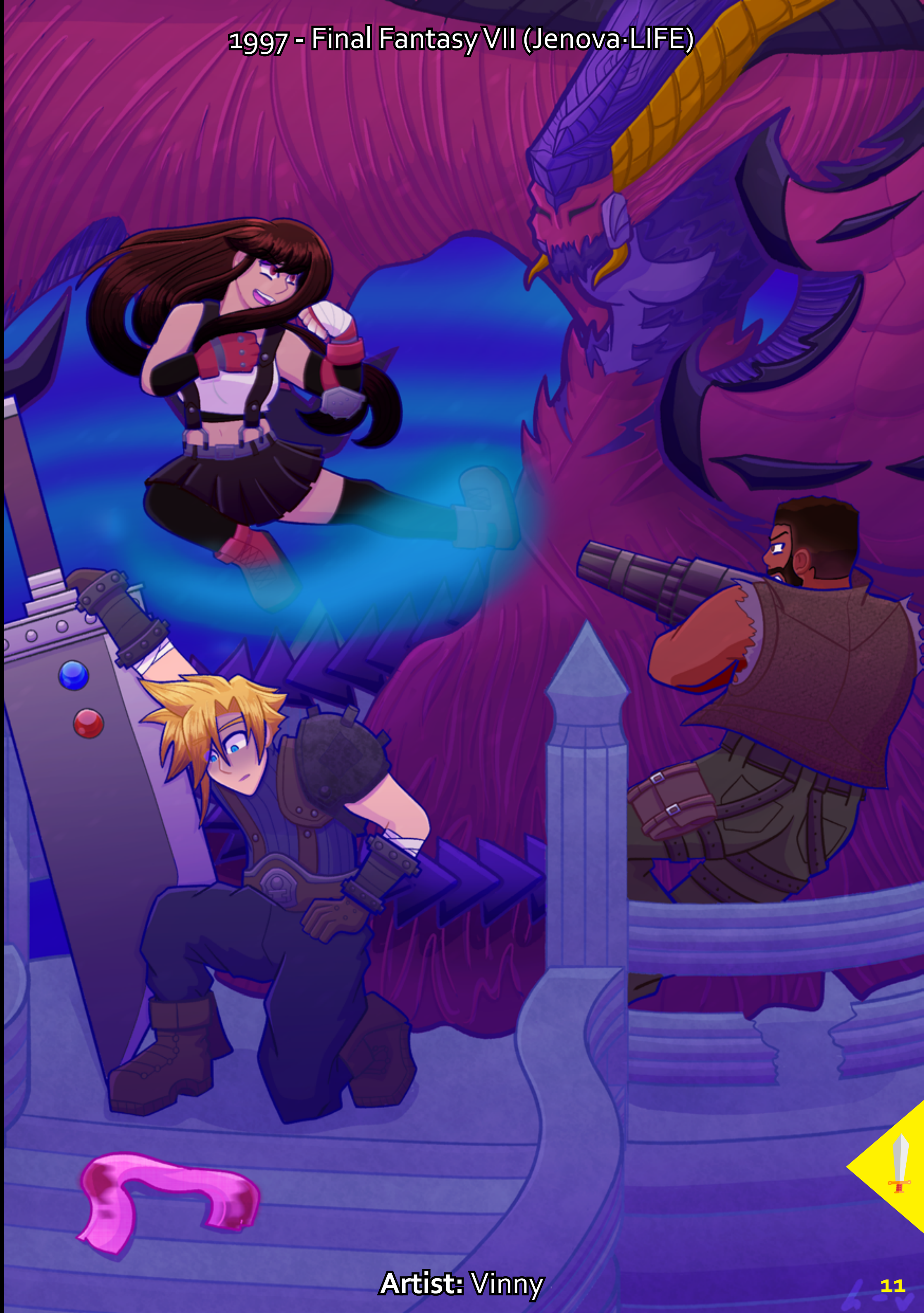
Artist: Klondipedia

1997 - Grandia (Colonel Mullen)



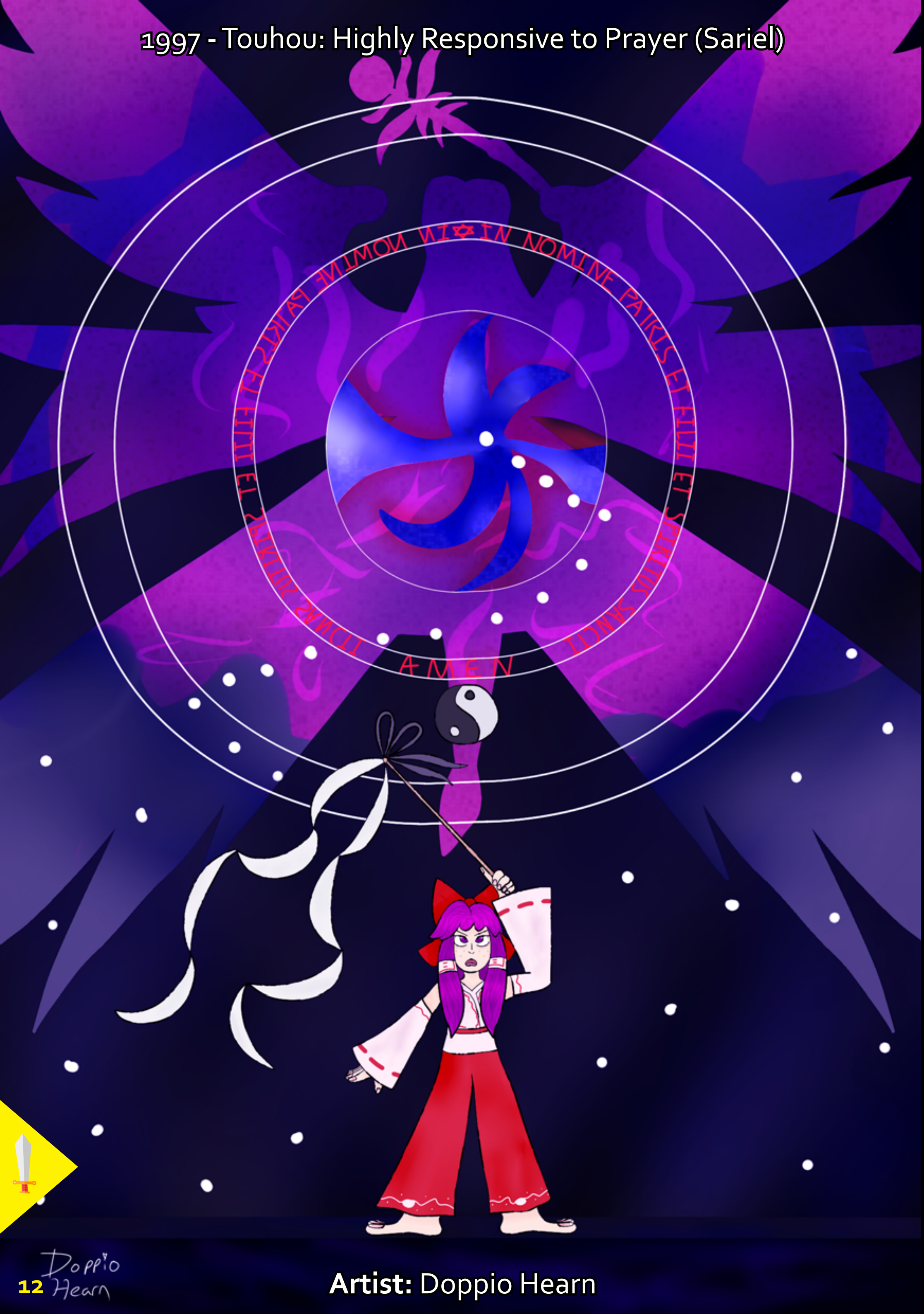
Artist: Linkyu

1997 - Final Fantasy VII (Jenova·LIFE)



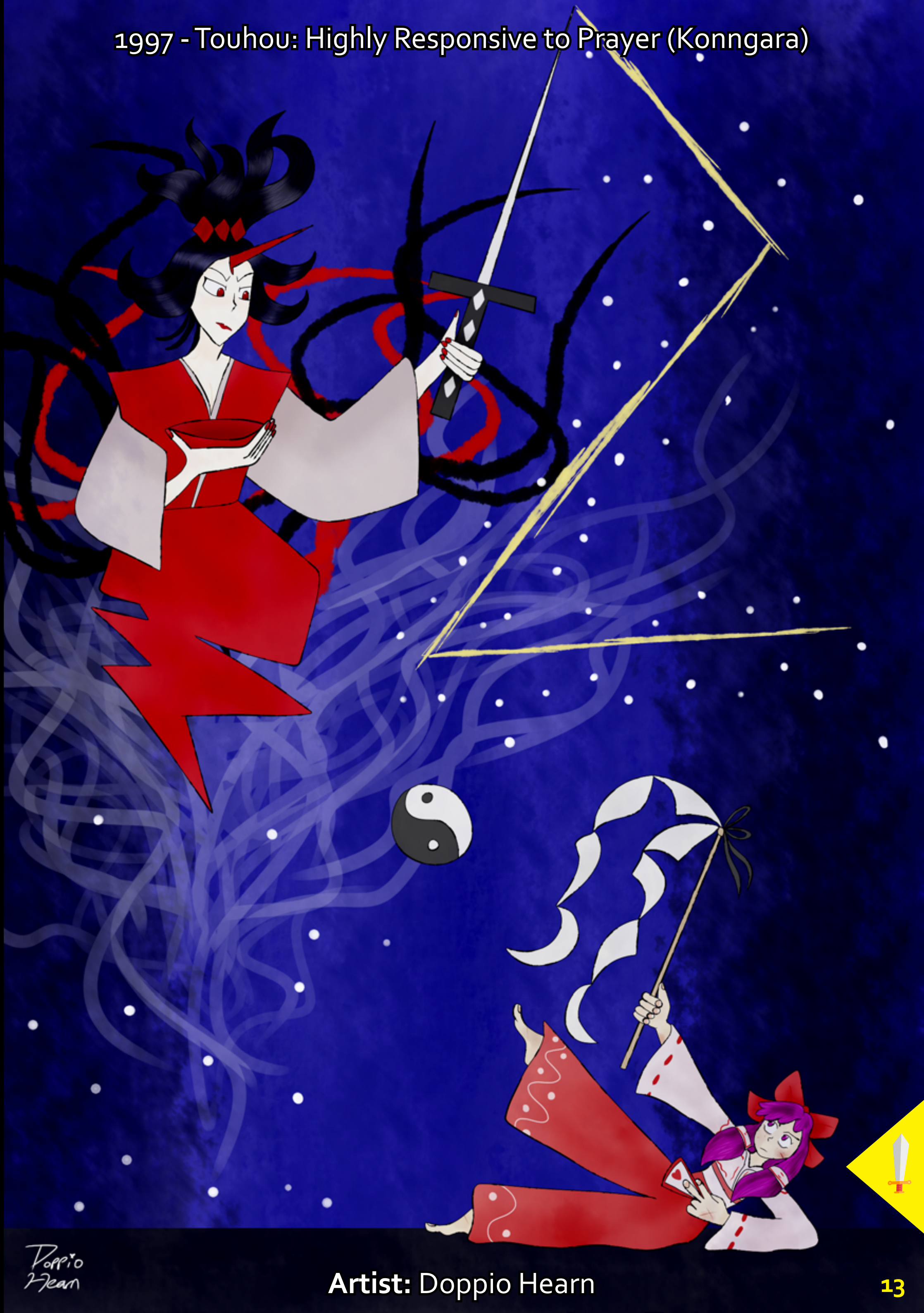
Artist: Vinny

1997 - Touhou: Highly Responsive to Prayer (Sariel)


IN NOMINE PATRIS ET FILII ET SPIRITUS SANCTI AMEN

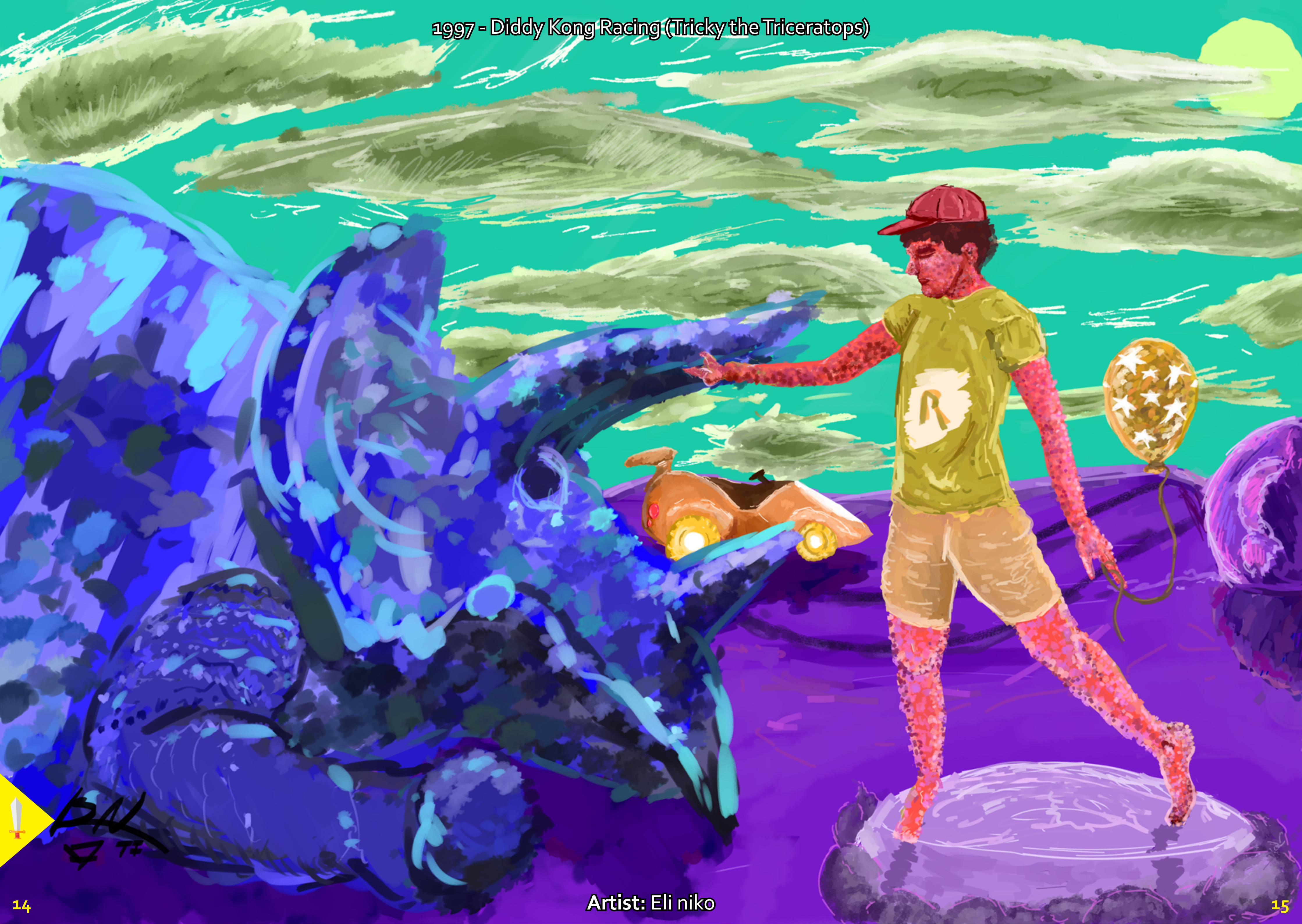
Artist: Doppio Hearn

1997 - Touhou: Highly Responsive to Prayer (Konngara)



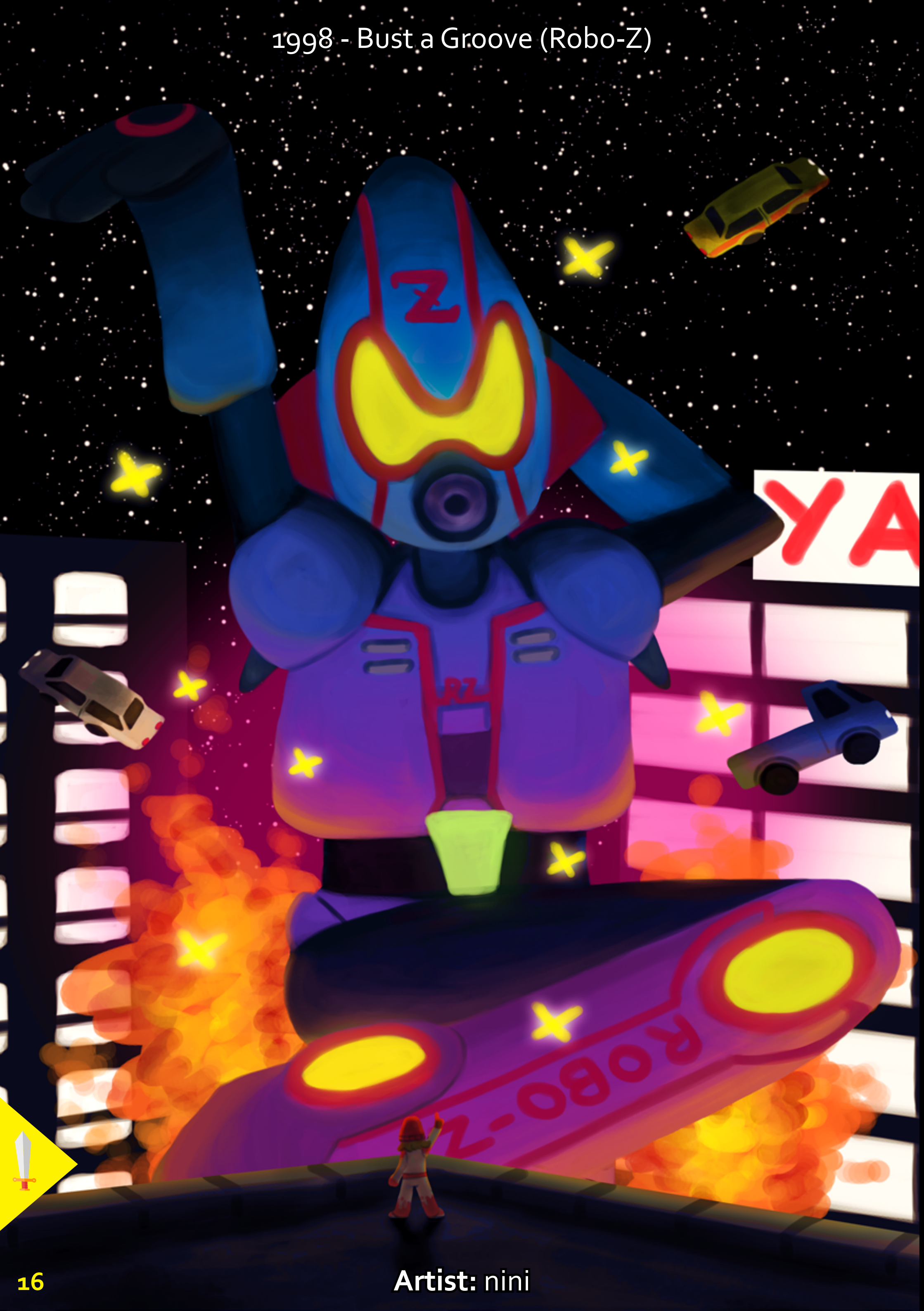
Artist: Doppio Hearn

1997 - Diddy Kong Racing (Tricky the Triceratops)



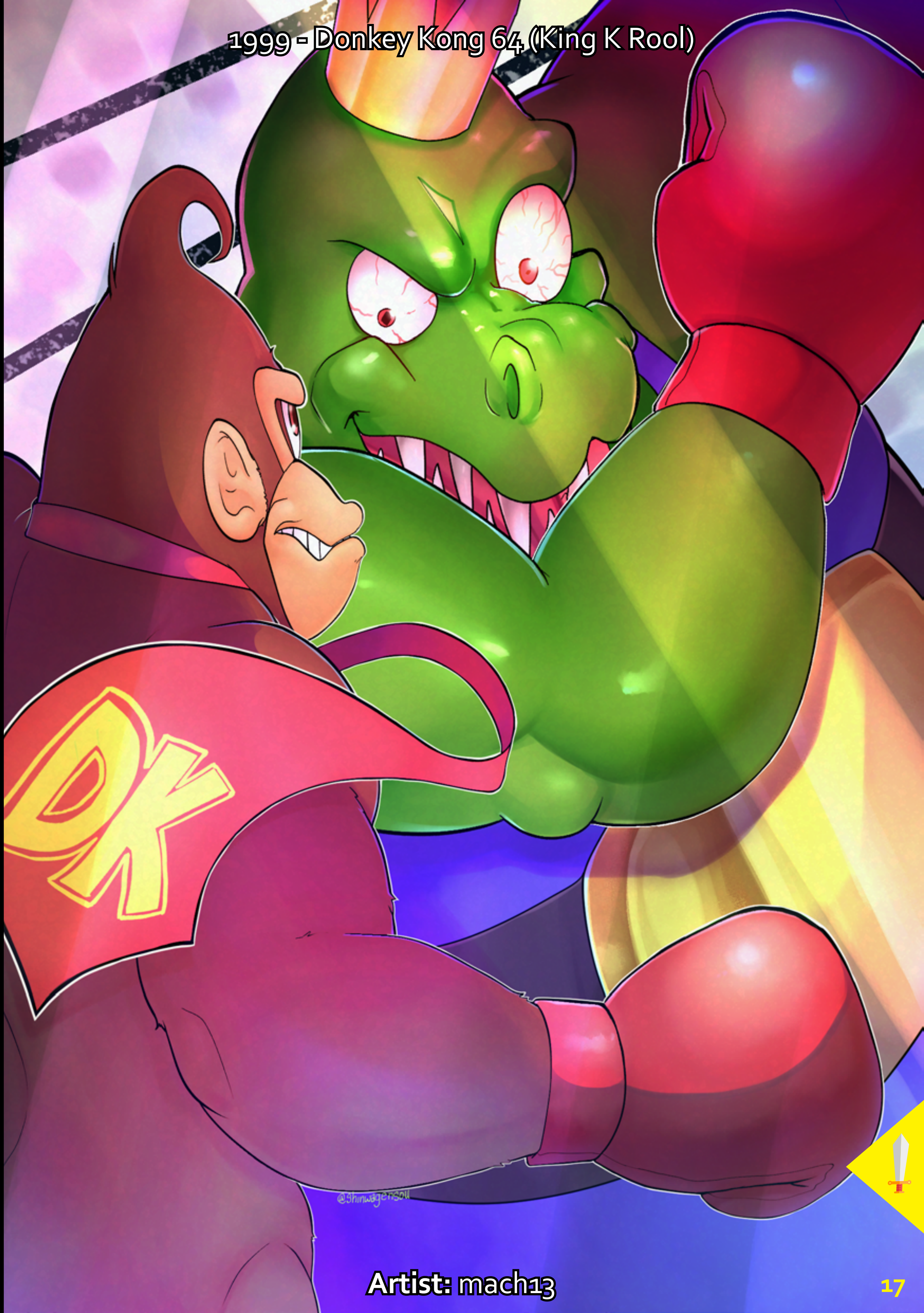
Artist: Eli niko

1998 - Bust a Groove (Robo-Z)


Z
YA
RZ
ROBO-Z

Artist: nini

1999 - Donkey Kong 64 (King K Rool)

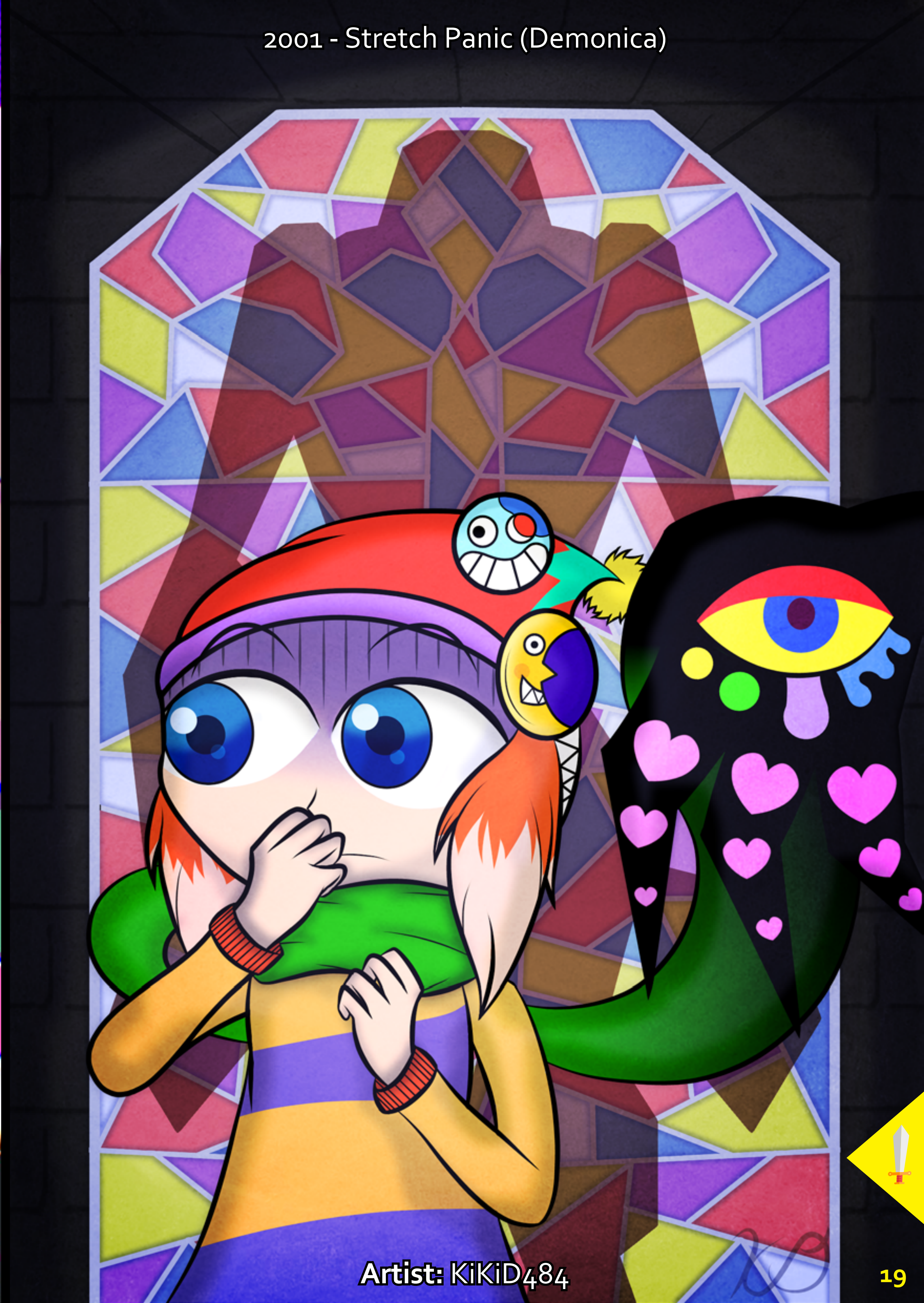

DK
@shinwagensou

Artist: mach13

2001 - Luigi's Mansion (King Boo)

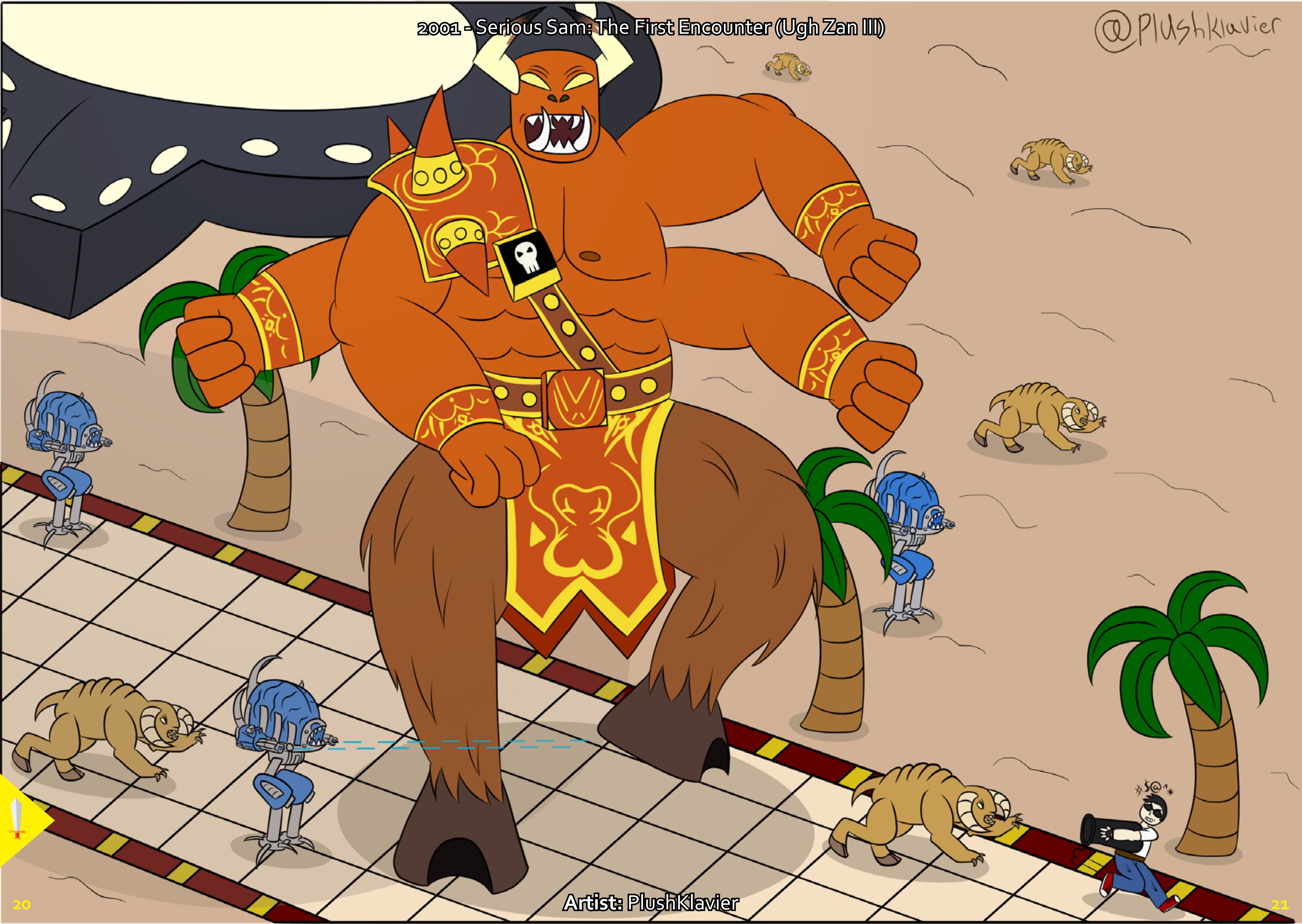
Artist: MugenCosmonaut

2001 - Stretch Panic (Demonica)



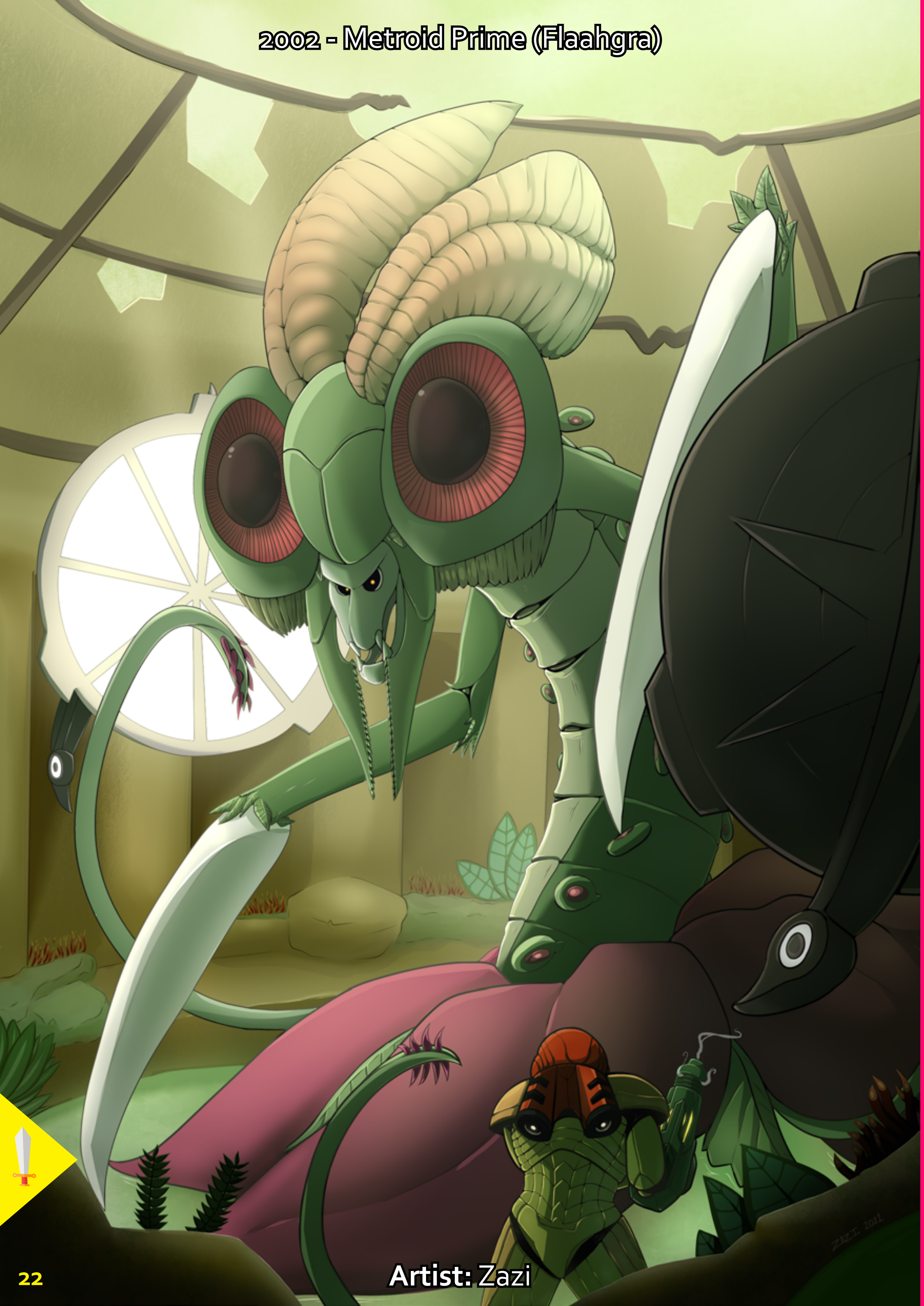
Artist: KiKiD484

2001 - Serious Sam: The First Encounter (Ugh Zan III)


@PlushKlavier
#$@^*

Artist: PlushKlavier

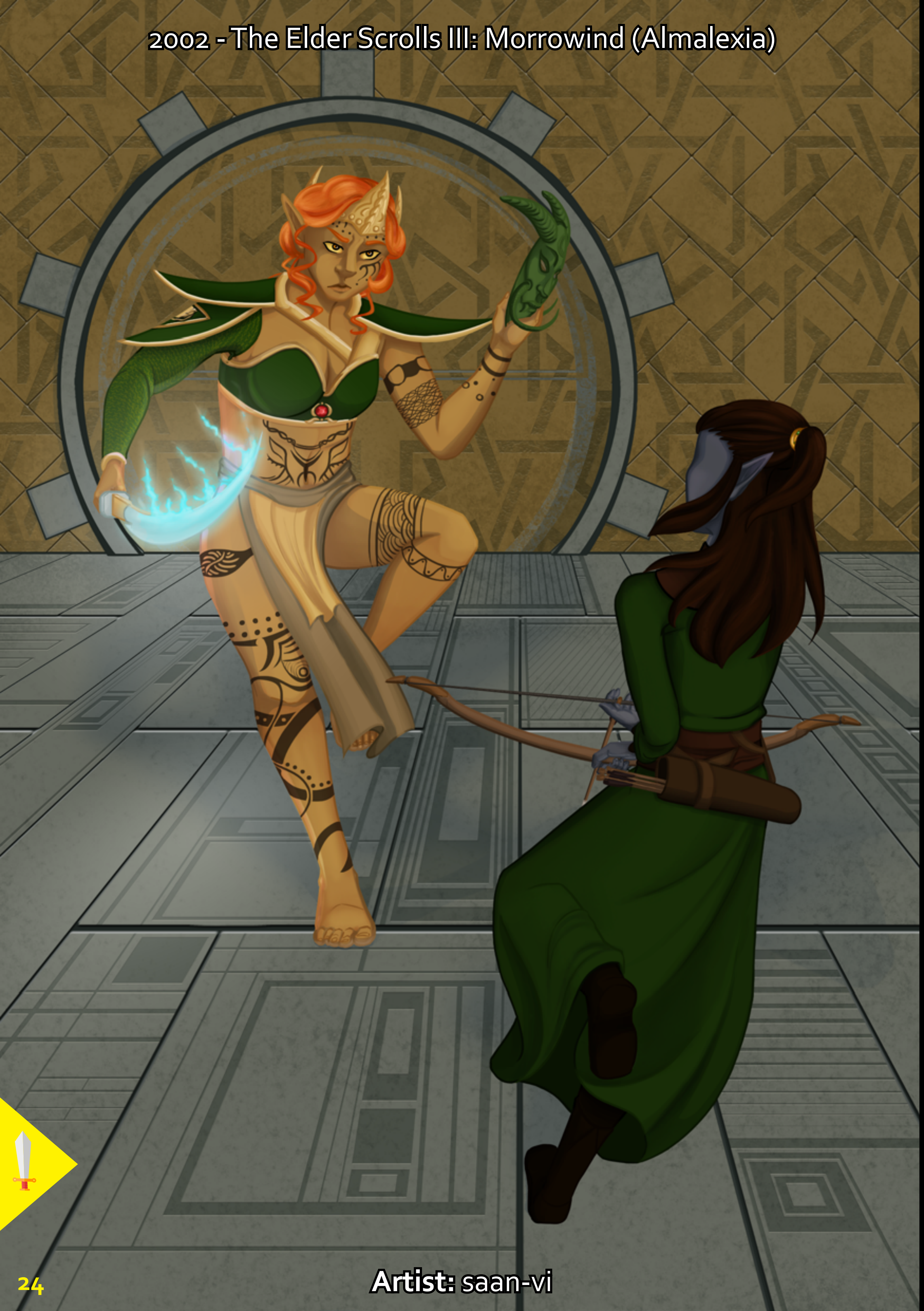
2002 - Metroid Prime (Flaahgra)



Artist: Zazi

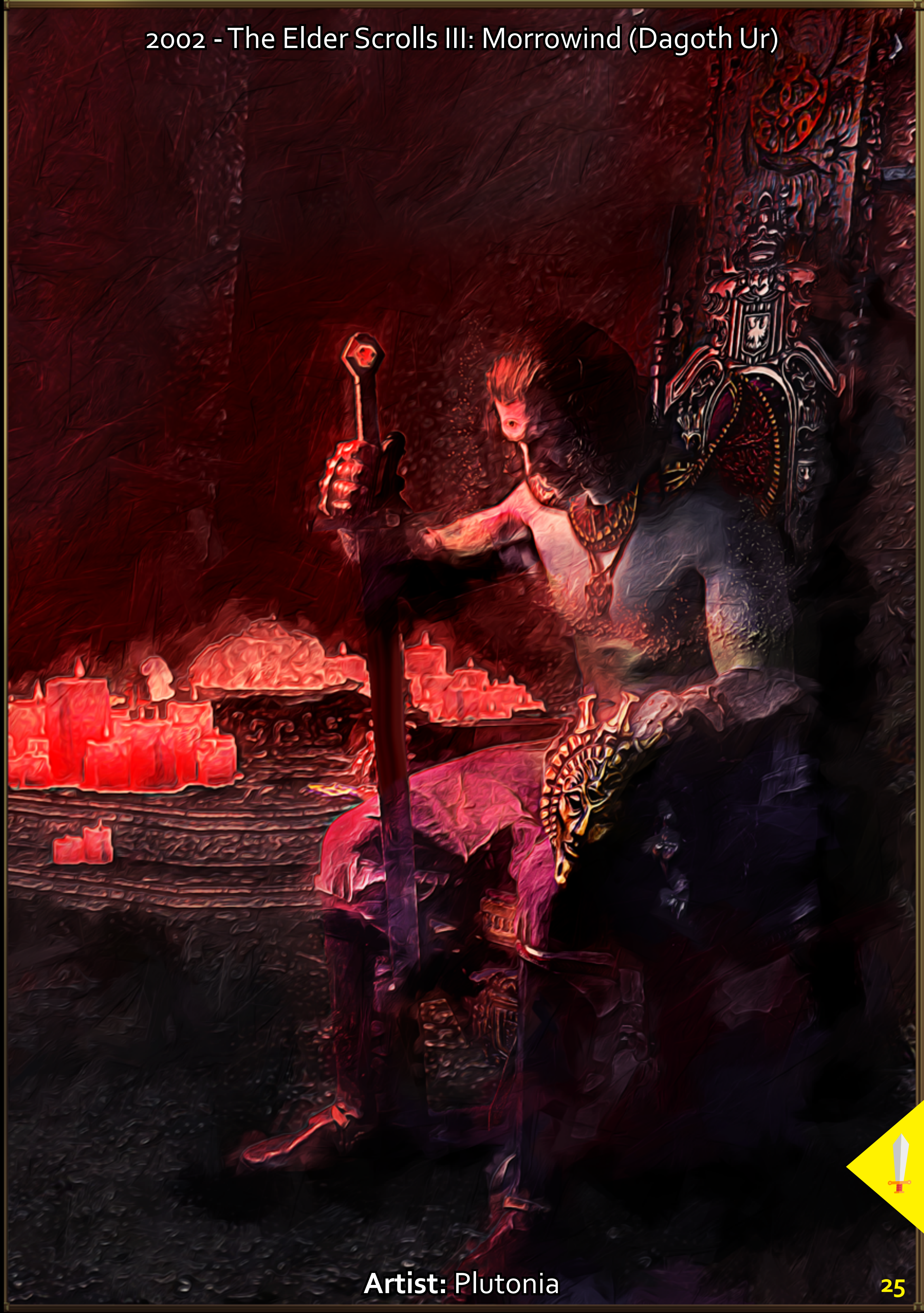
Touhou Project Fanzine
FANTASY EXTRAVAGANZA
63 artists
1 writer
70+ pages of amazing Touhou art
Touhou project fanzine
Fairy Fiesta sweets!
42 Artists & Writers
50+ pages of AMAZING ⑨ art
Check them out! - Touhou zines
itch.io

2002 - The Elder Scrolls III: Morrowind (Almalexia)



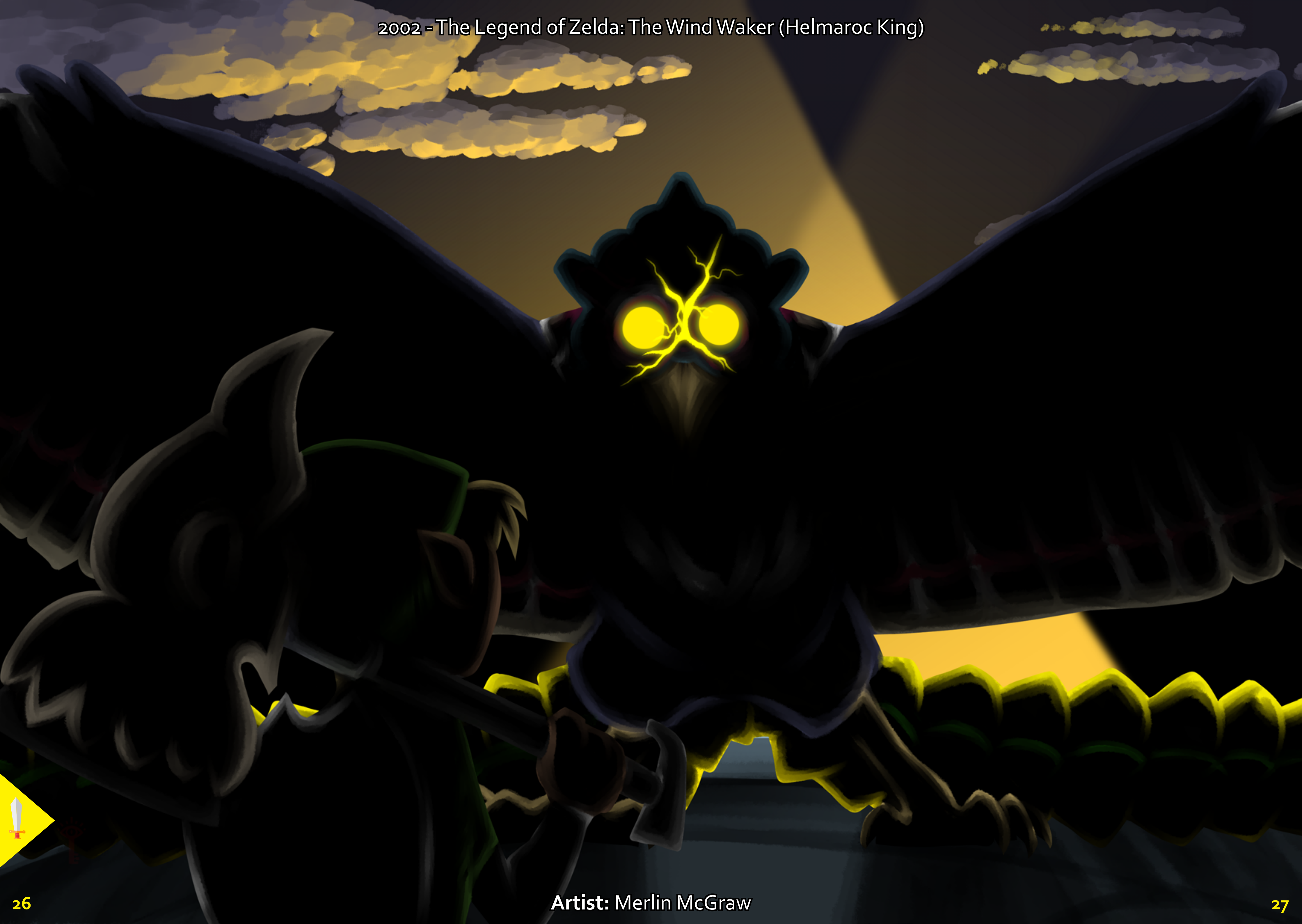
Artist: saan-vi

2002 - The Elder Scrolls III: Morrowind (Dagoth Ur)



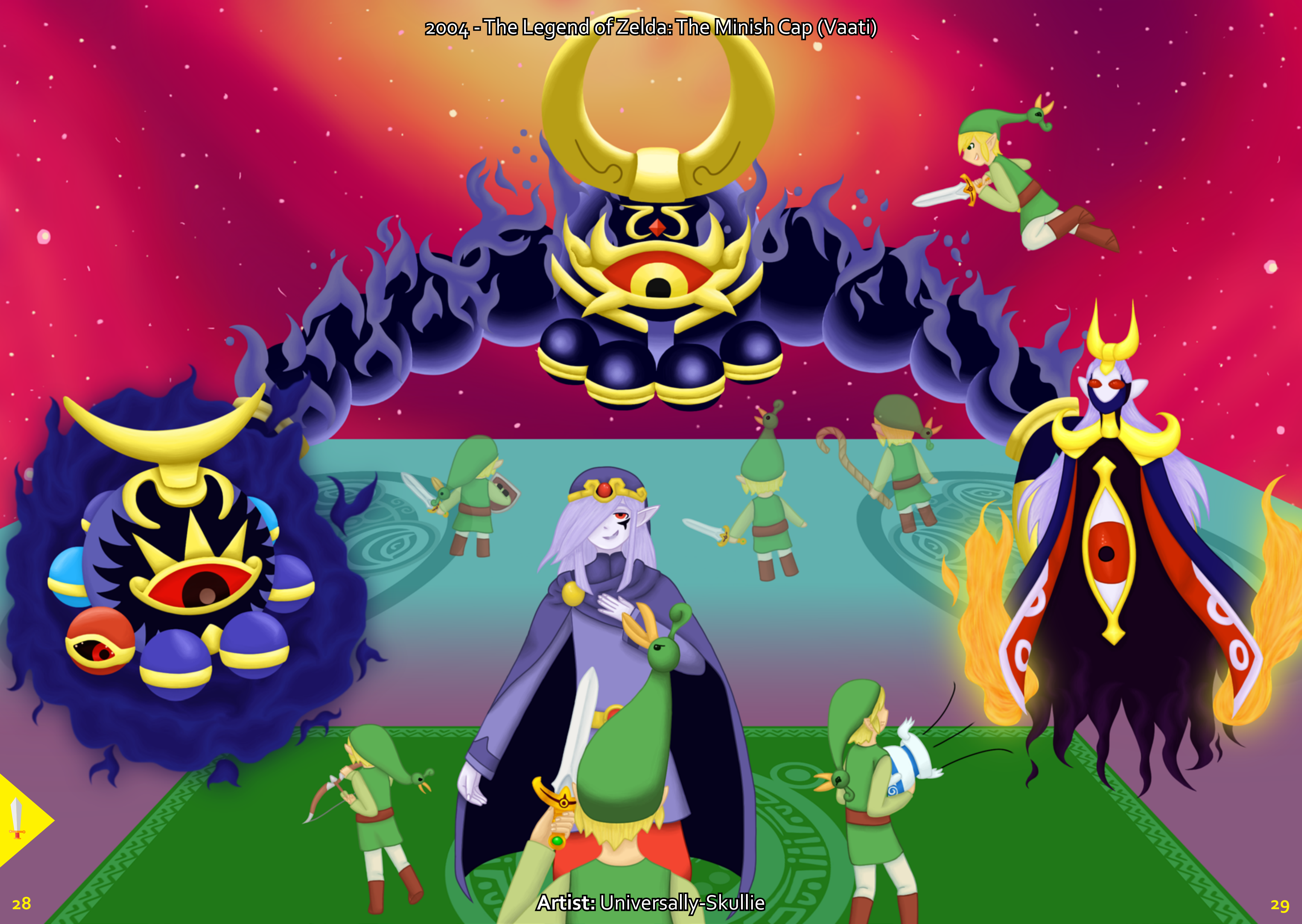
Artist: Plutonia

2002 - The Legend of Zelda: The Wind Waker (Helmaroc King)

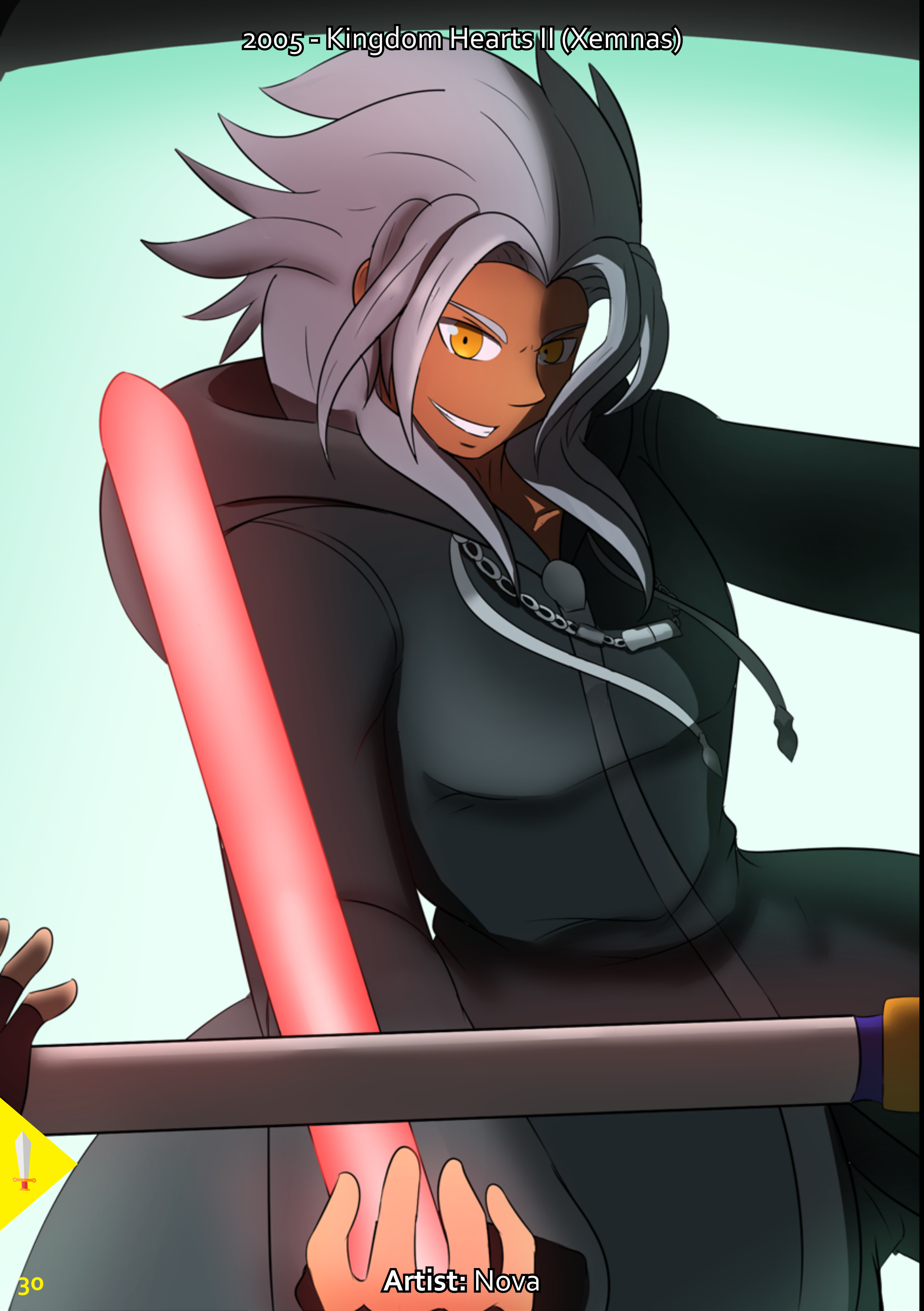


Artist: Merlin McGraw

2004 - The Legend of Zelda: The Minish Cap (Vaati)

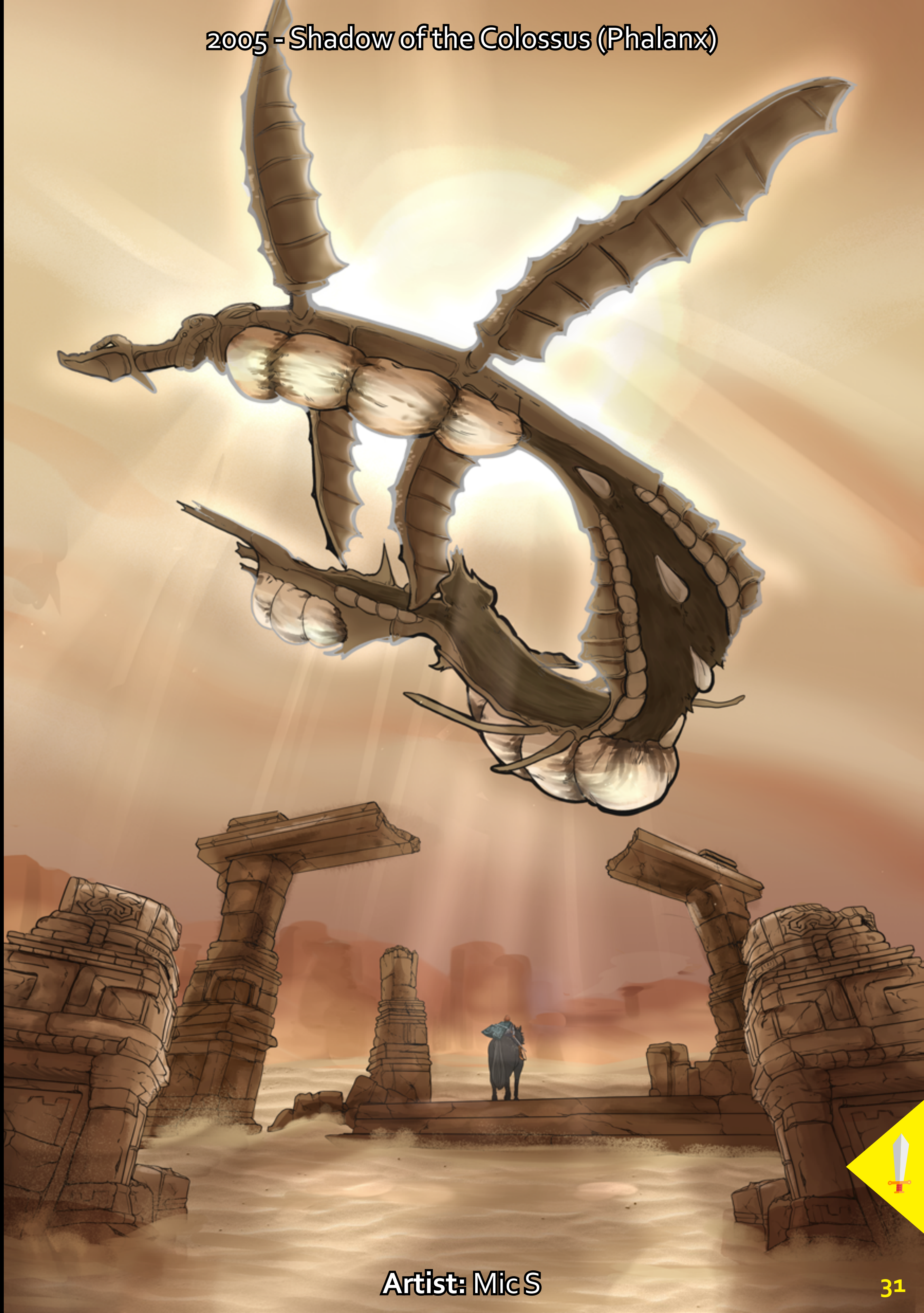


Artist: Universally-Skullie



2005 - Kingdom Hearts II (Xemnas)

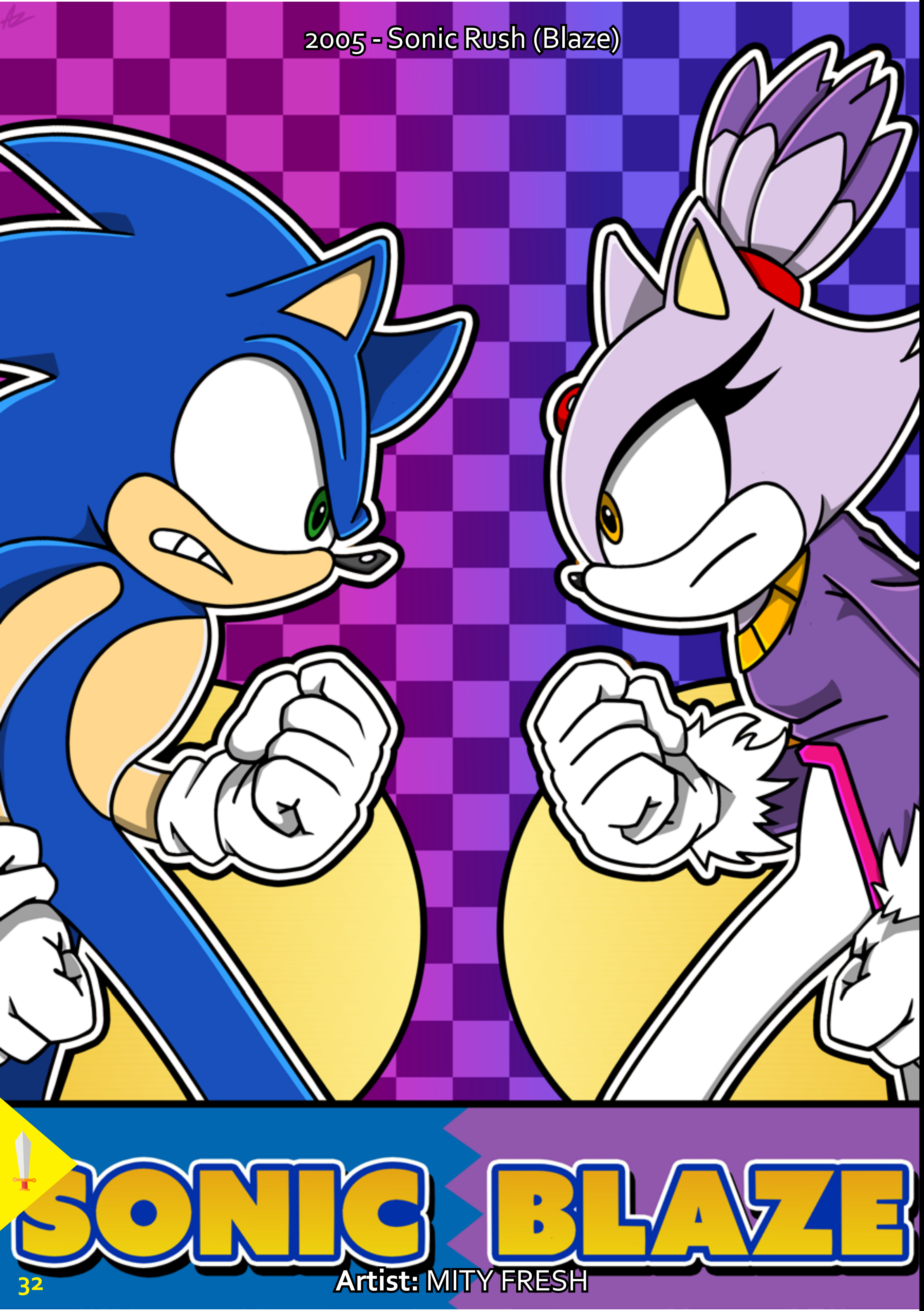
Artist: Nova



2005 - Shadow of the Colossus (Phalanx)

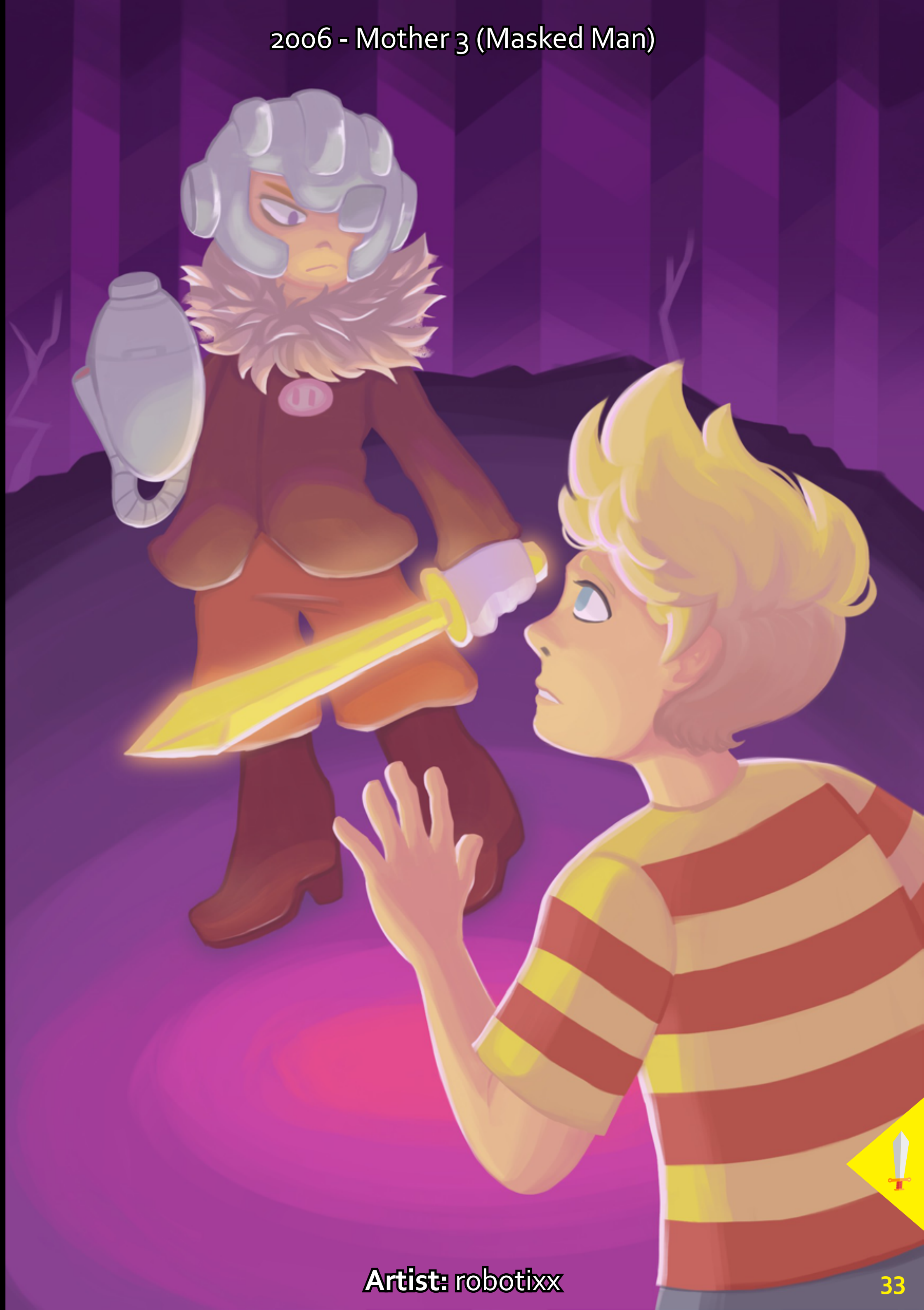
Artist: Mic S

2005 - Sonic Rush (Blaze)


SONIC
BLAZE

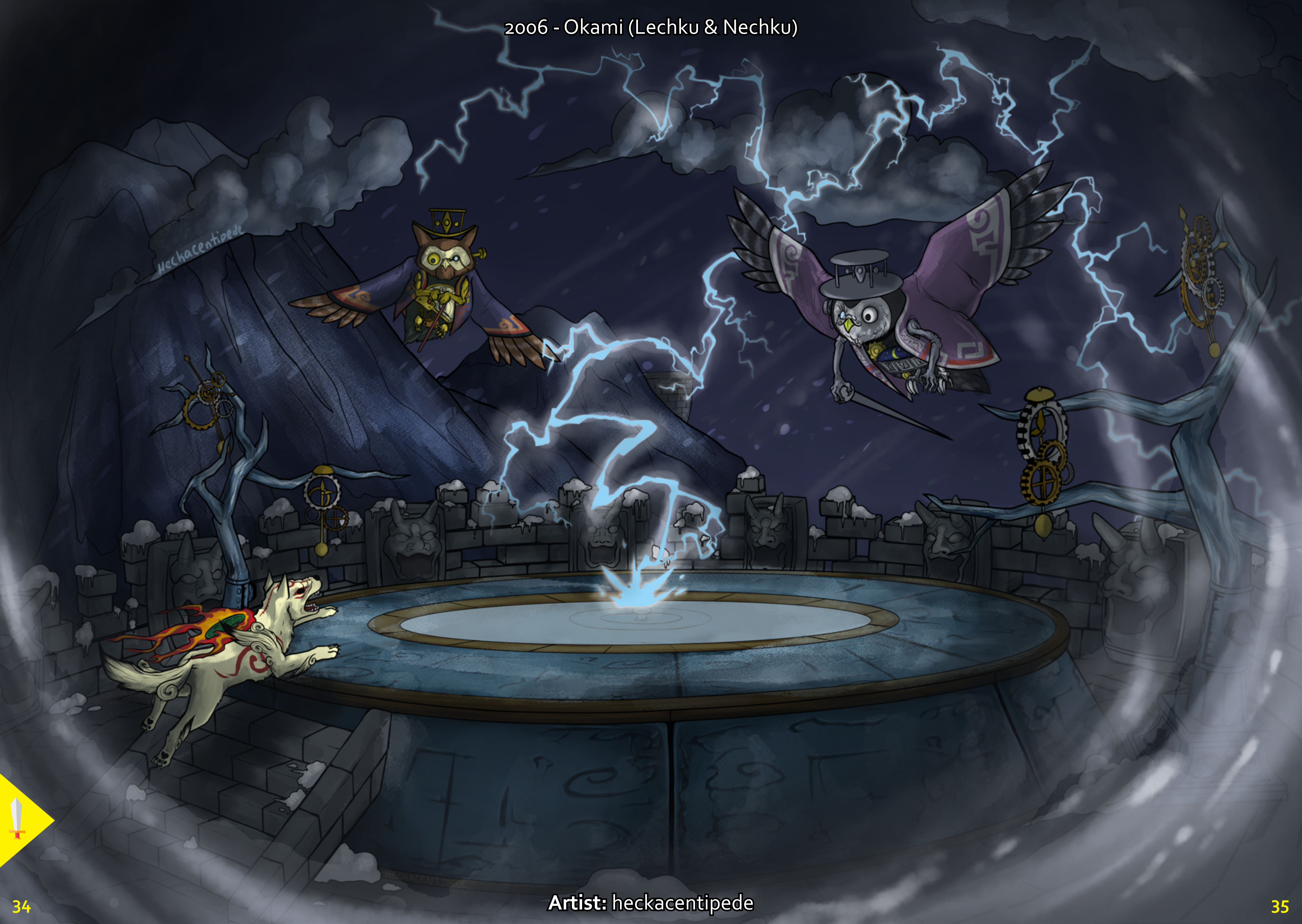
Artist: MITY FRESH

2006 - Mother 3 (Masked Man)



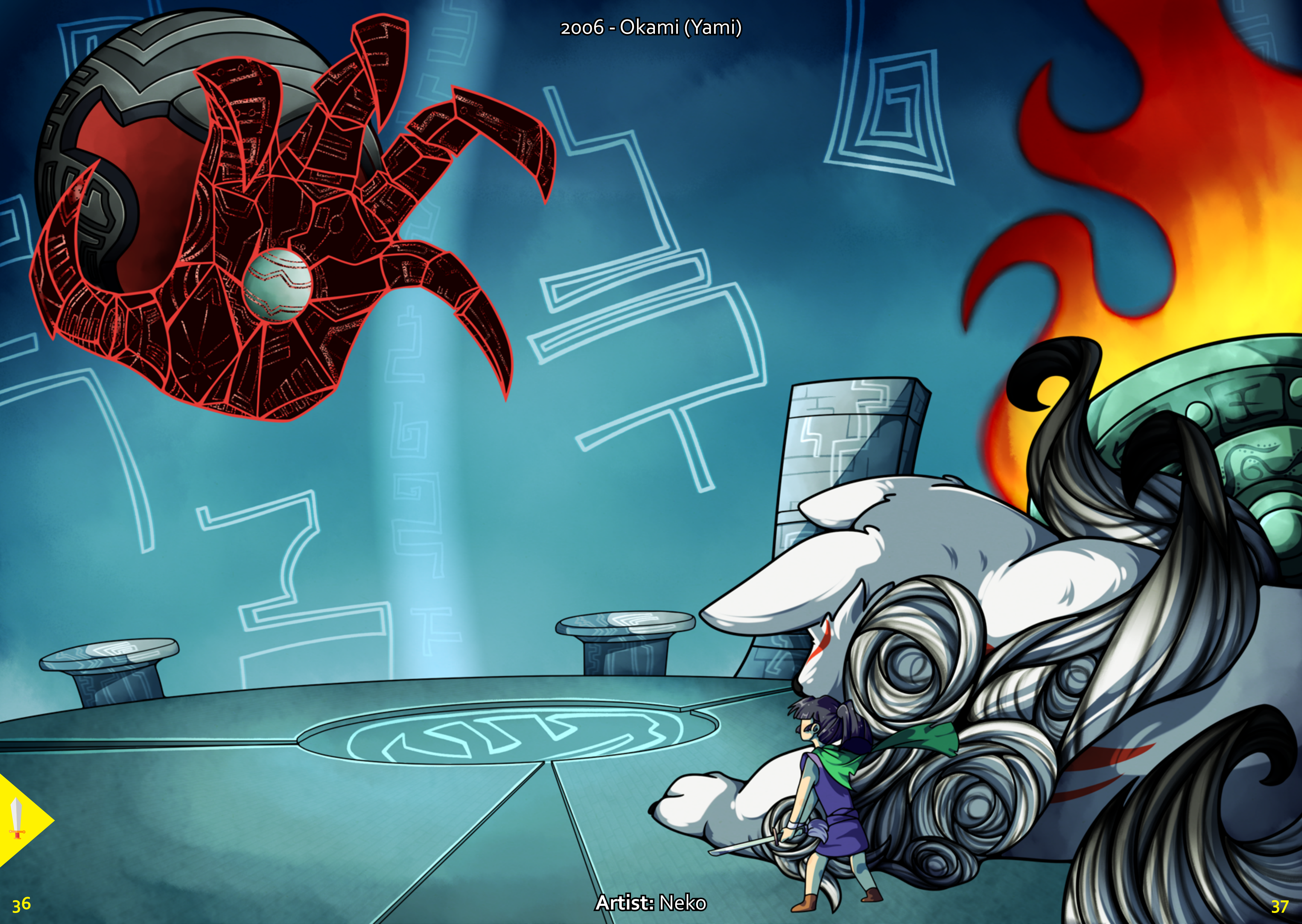
Artist: robotixx

2006 - Okami (Lechku & Nechku)

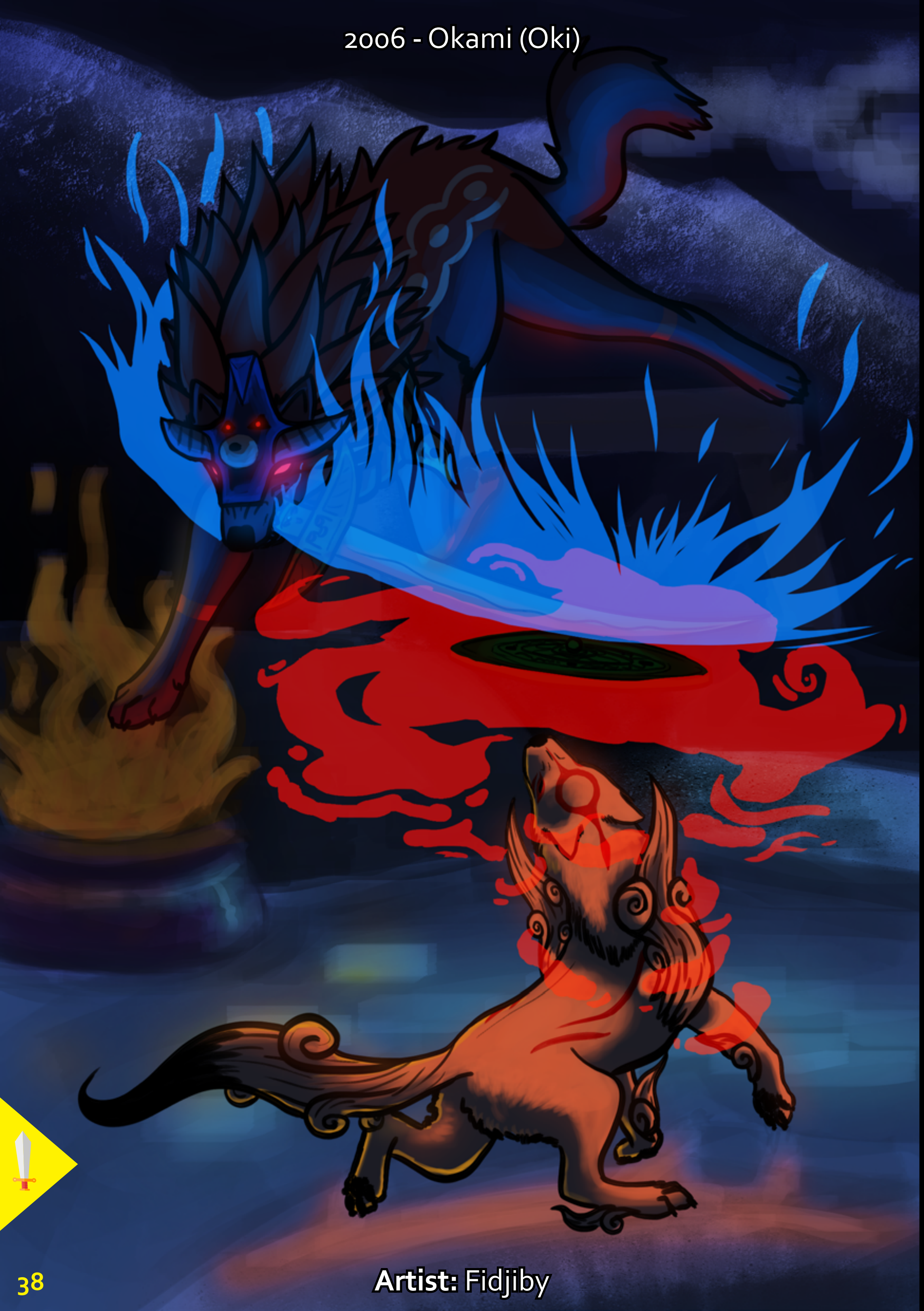

Heckacentipede

Artist: heckacentipede

2006 - Okami (Yami)

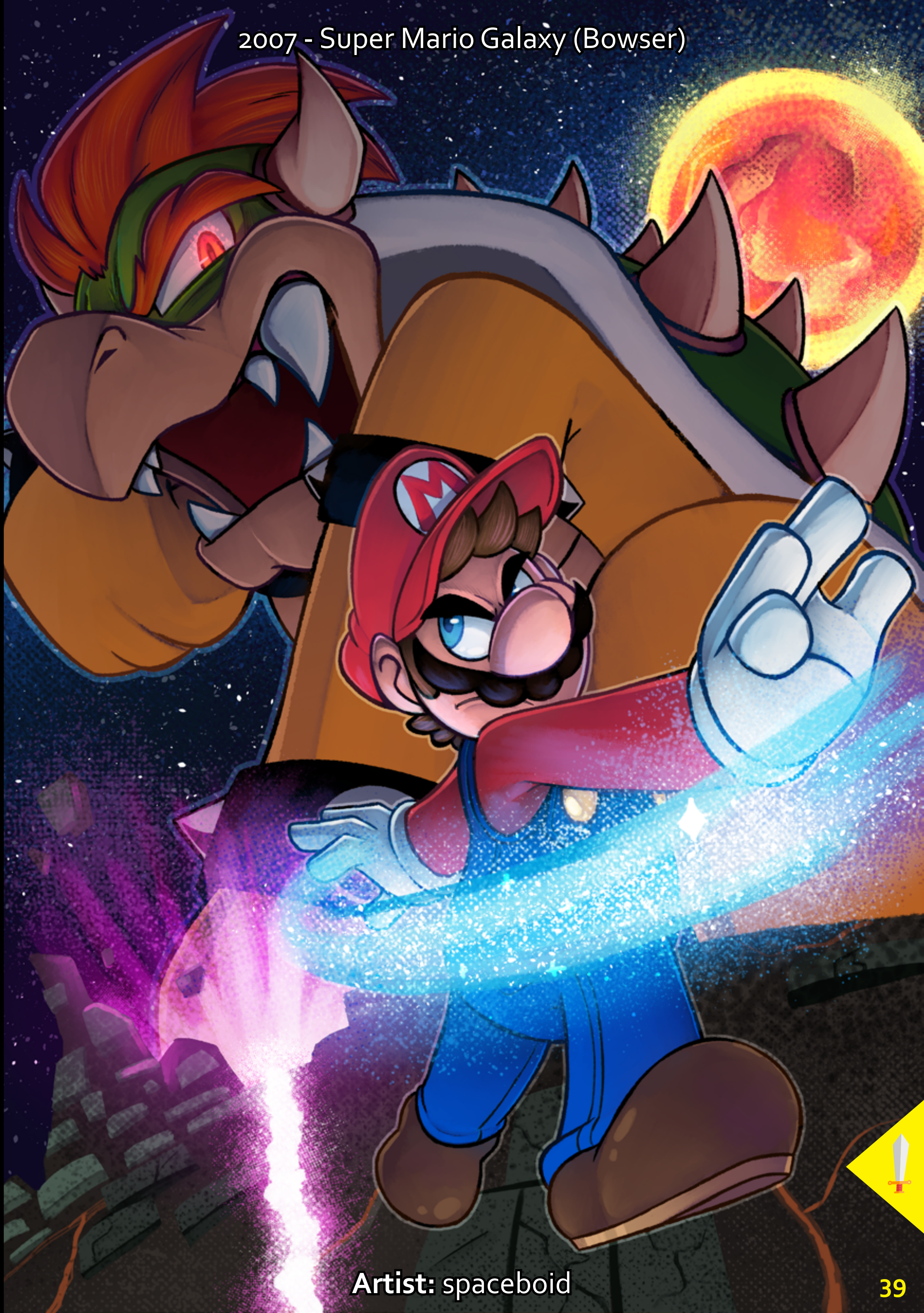


Artist: Neko



2006 - Okami (Oki)

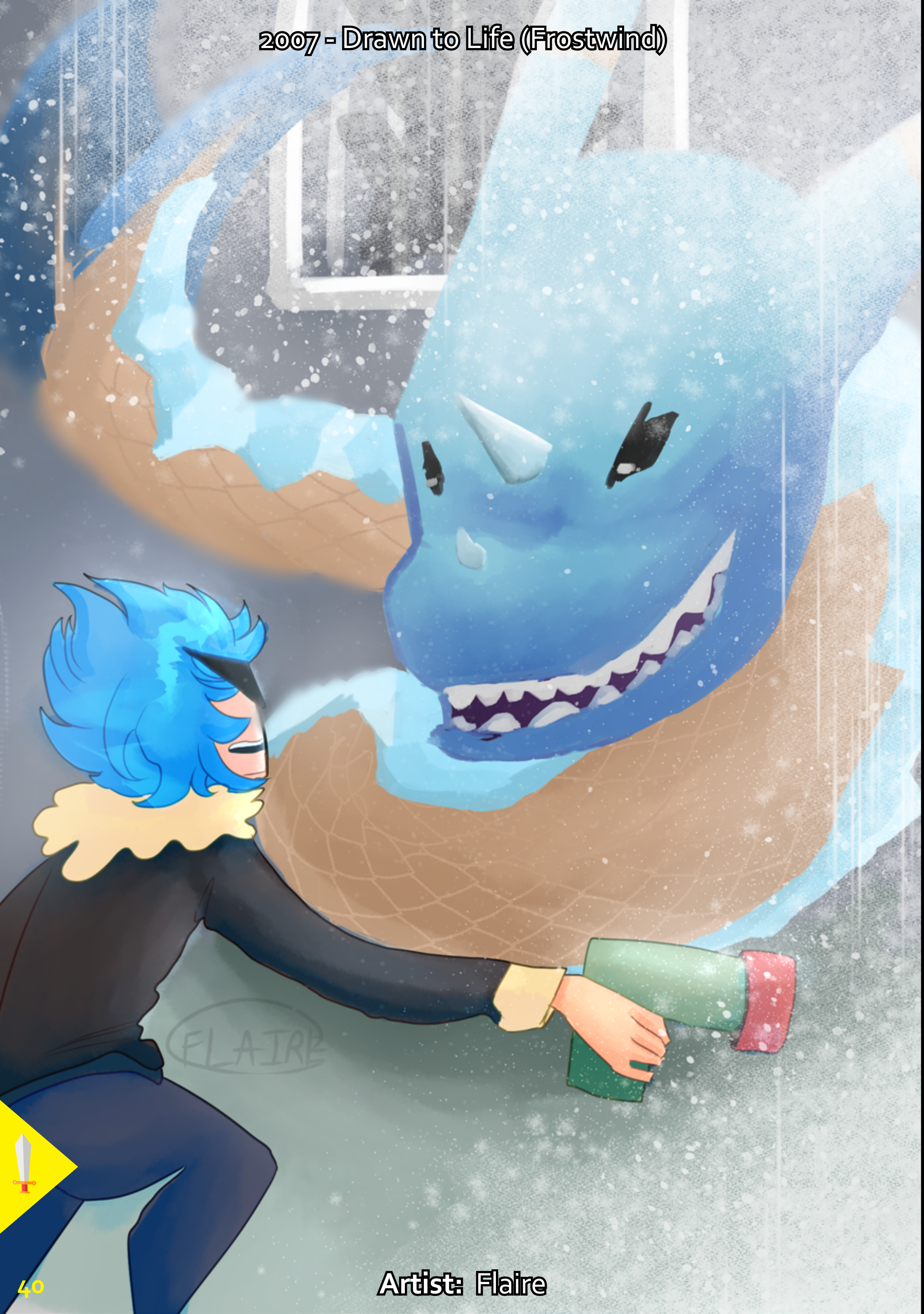
Artist: Fidjiby



2007 - Super Mario Galaxy (Bowser)

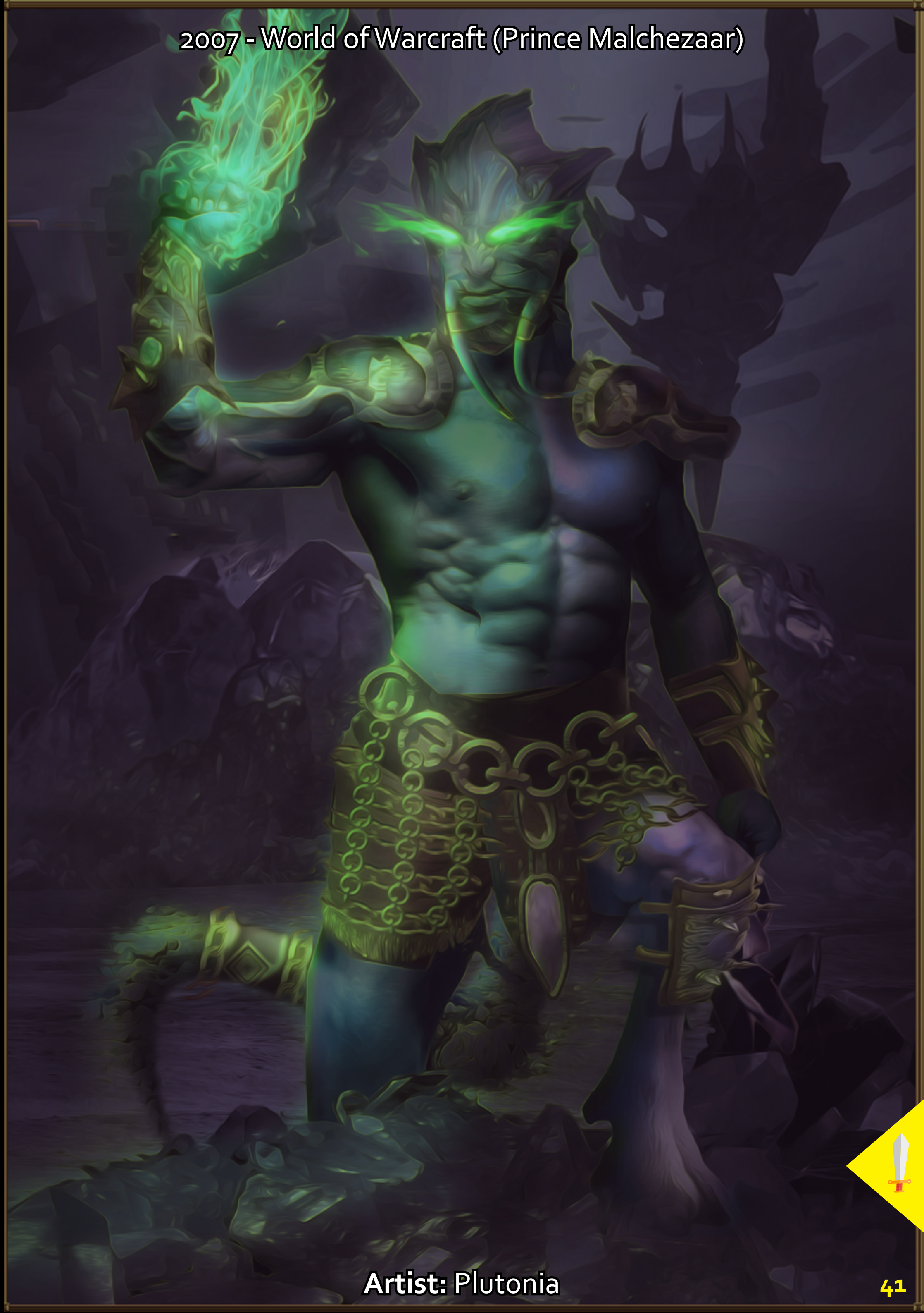
Artist: spaceboid

2007 - Drawn to Life (Frostwind)



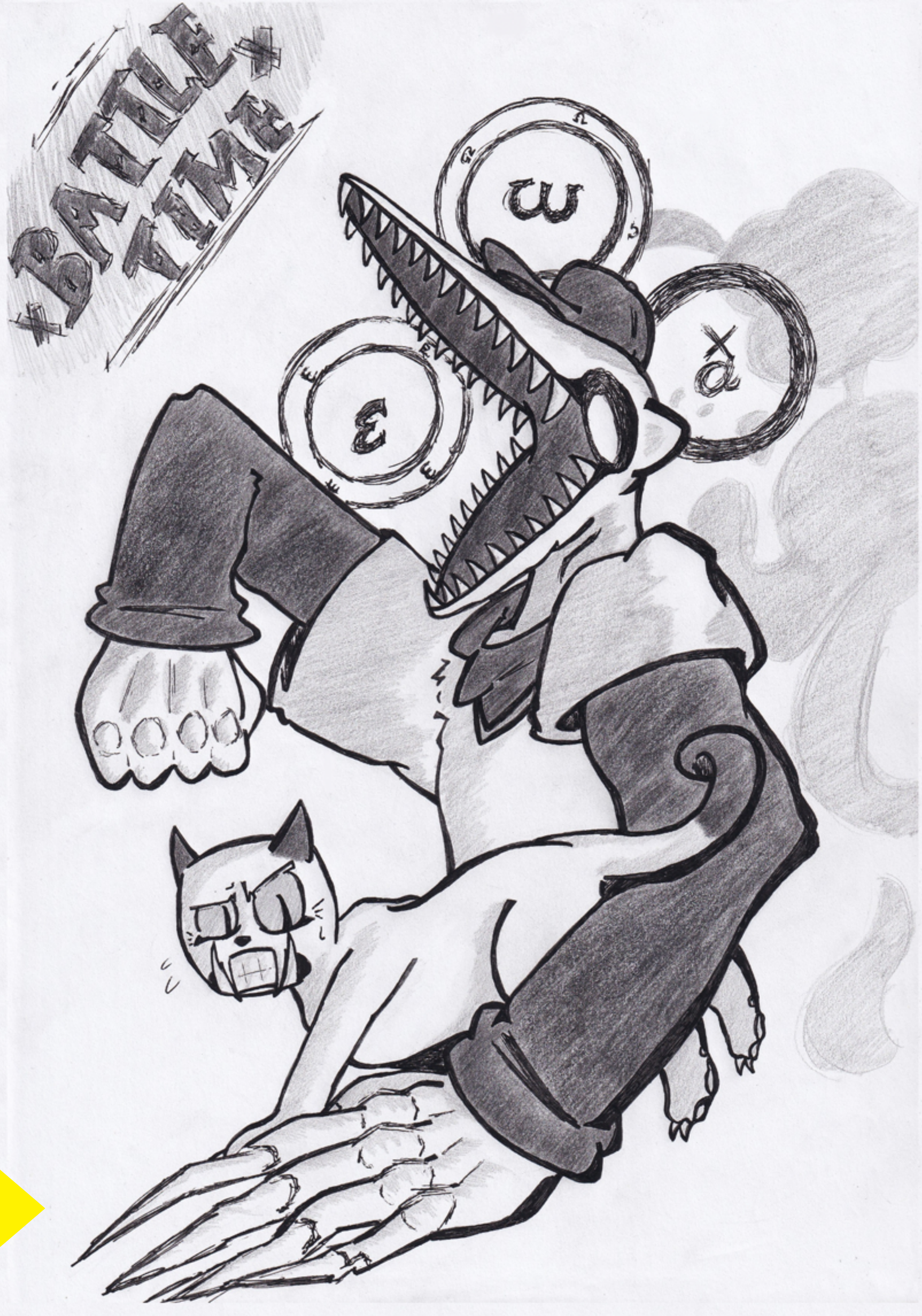
Artist: Flaire

2007 - World of Warcraft (Prince Malchezaar)



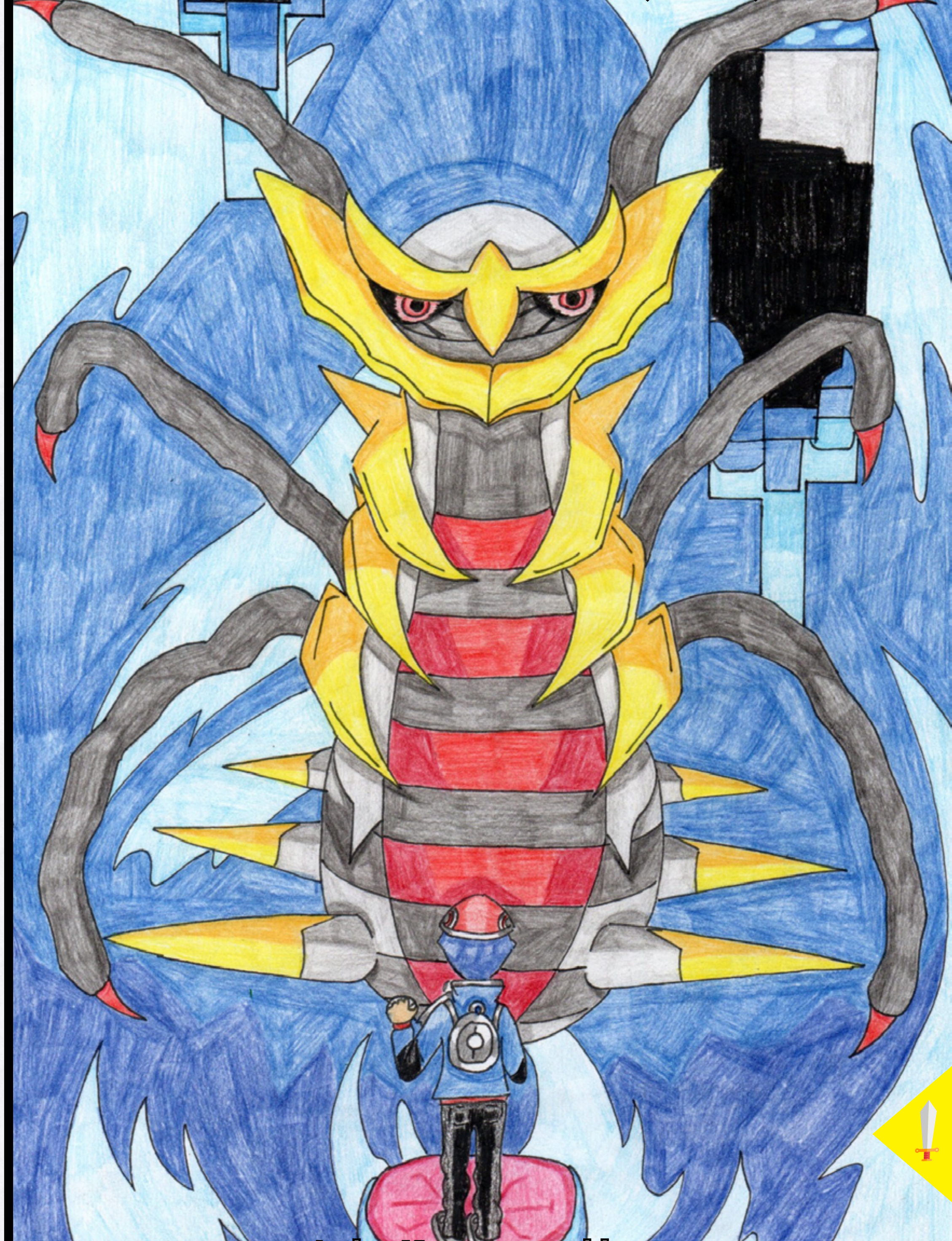
Artist: Plutonia

2008 - OFF (Bad Batter)


BATTLE TIME

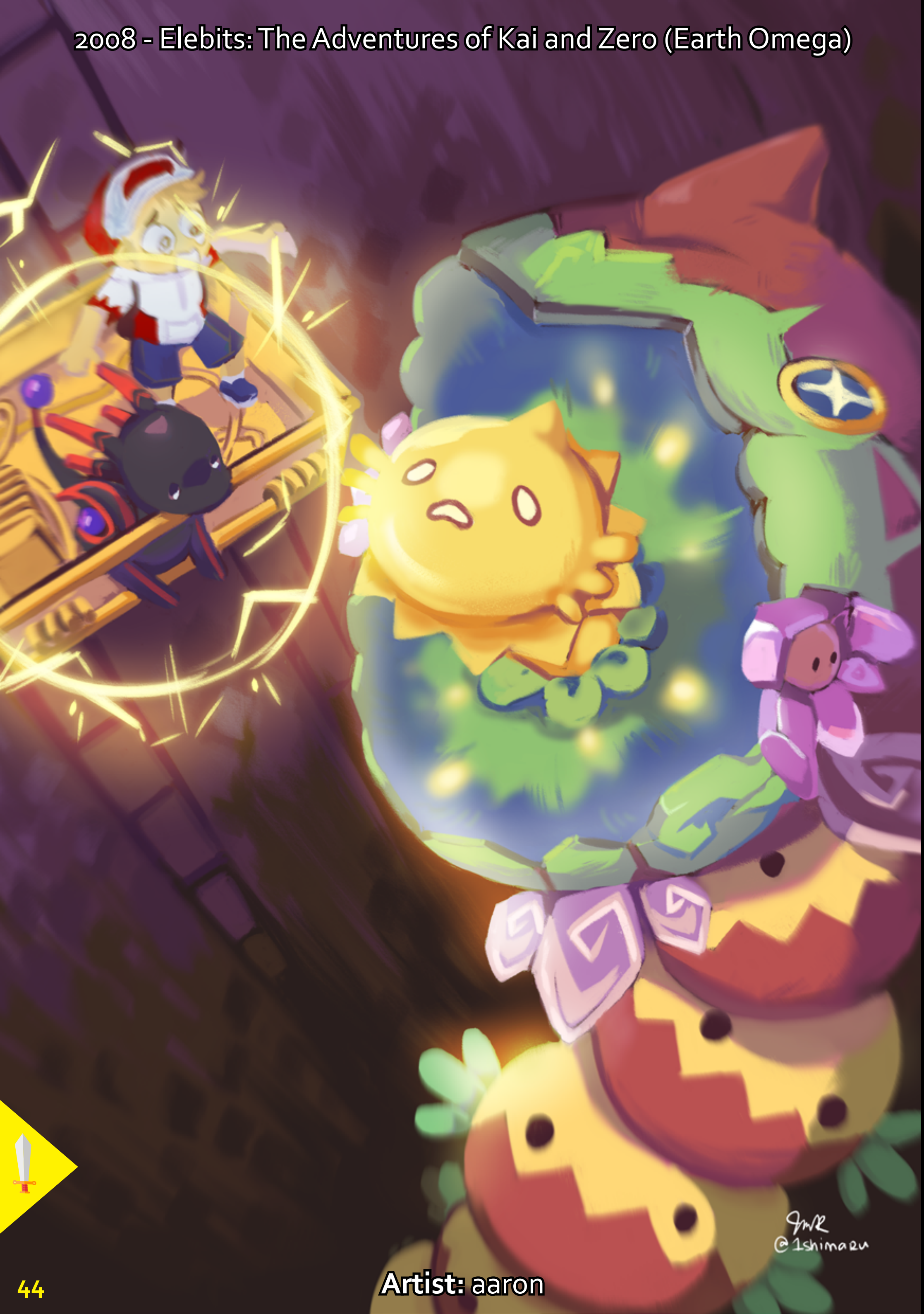
Artist: Pants

2008 - Pokémon Platinum Version (Giratina)



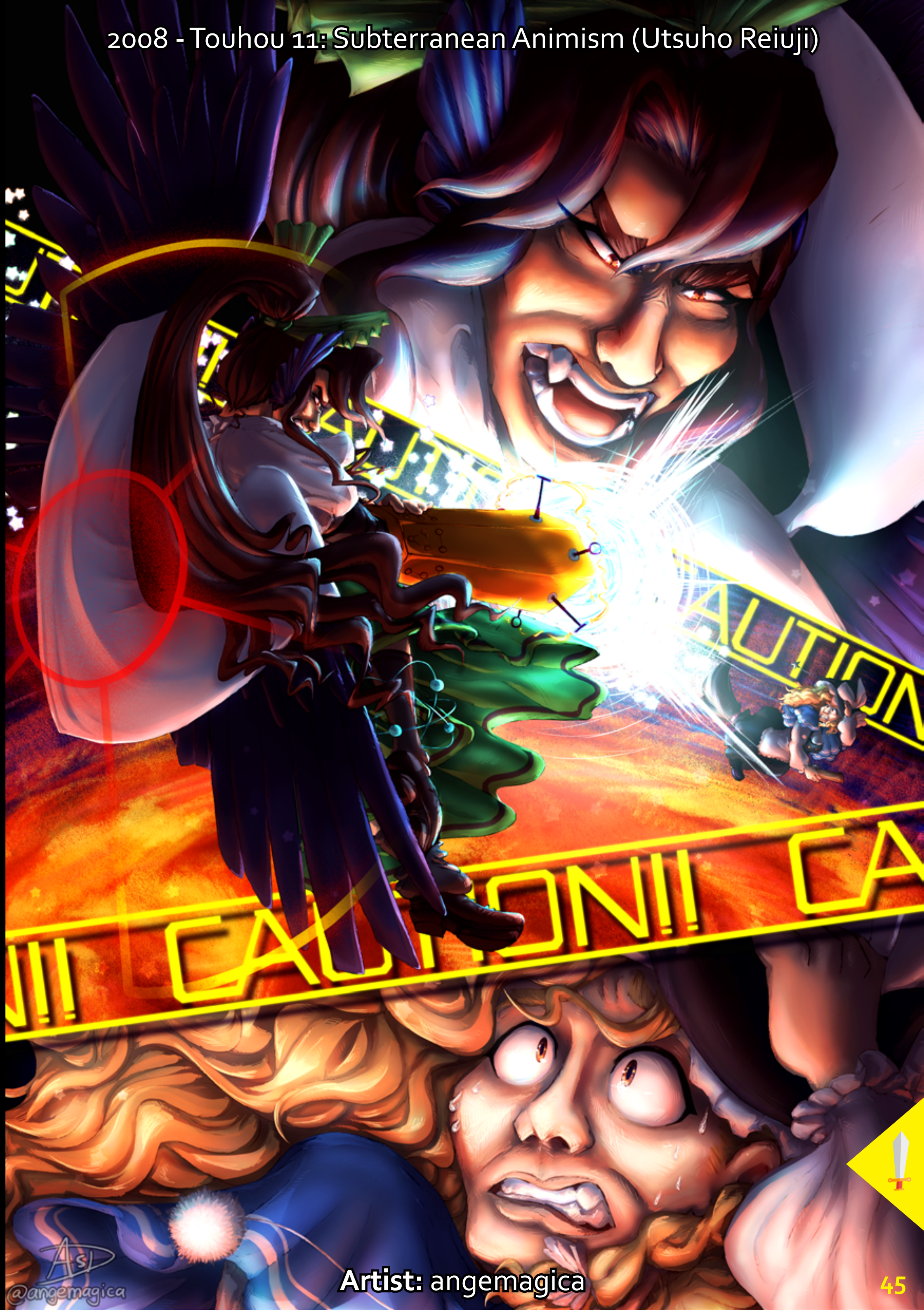
Artist: Koamaterasuhime

2008 - Elebits: The Adventures of Kai and Zero (Earth Omega)



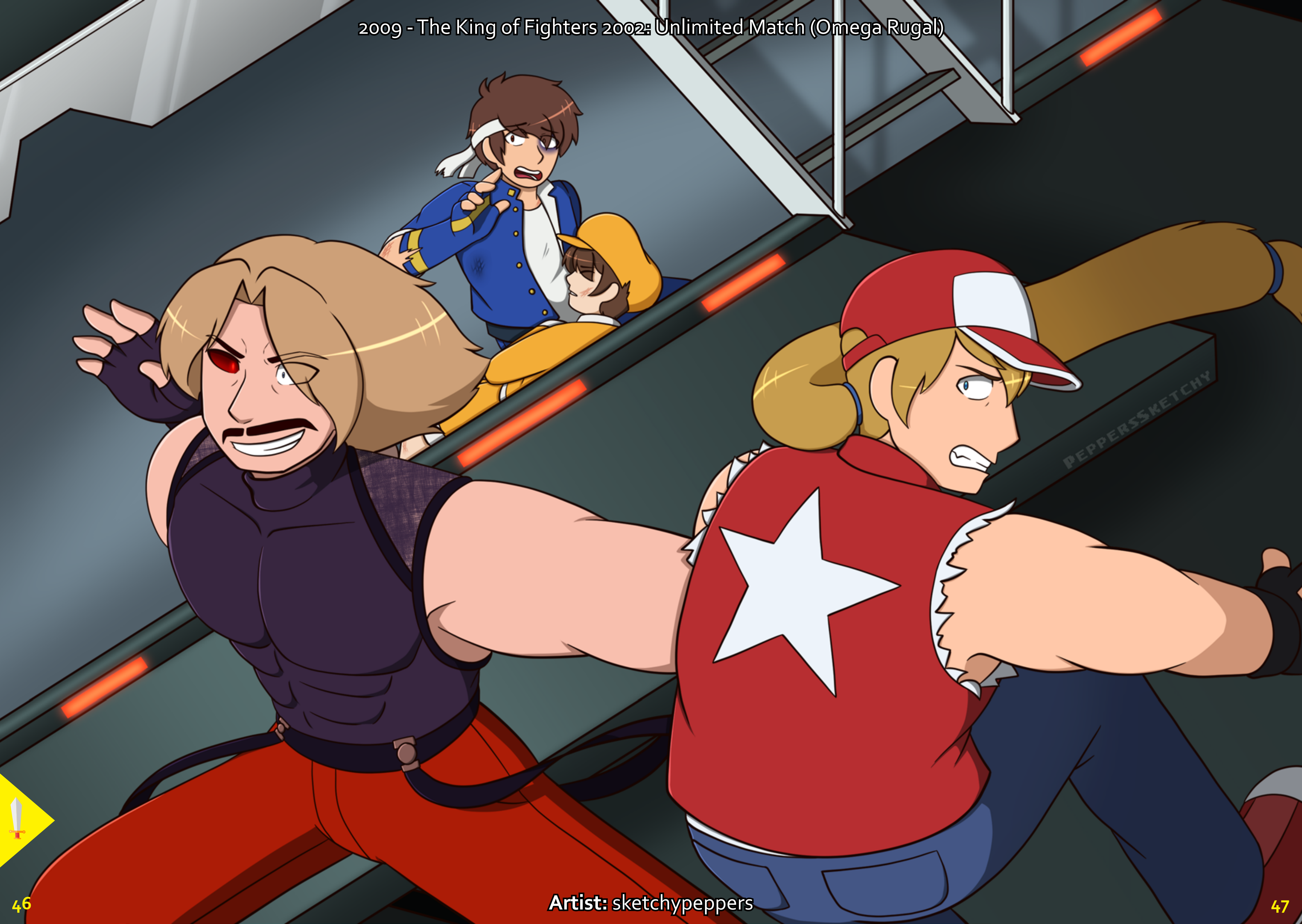
Artist: aaron

2008 - Touhou 11: Subterranean Animism (Utsuho Reiuji)

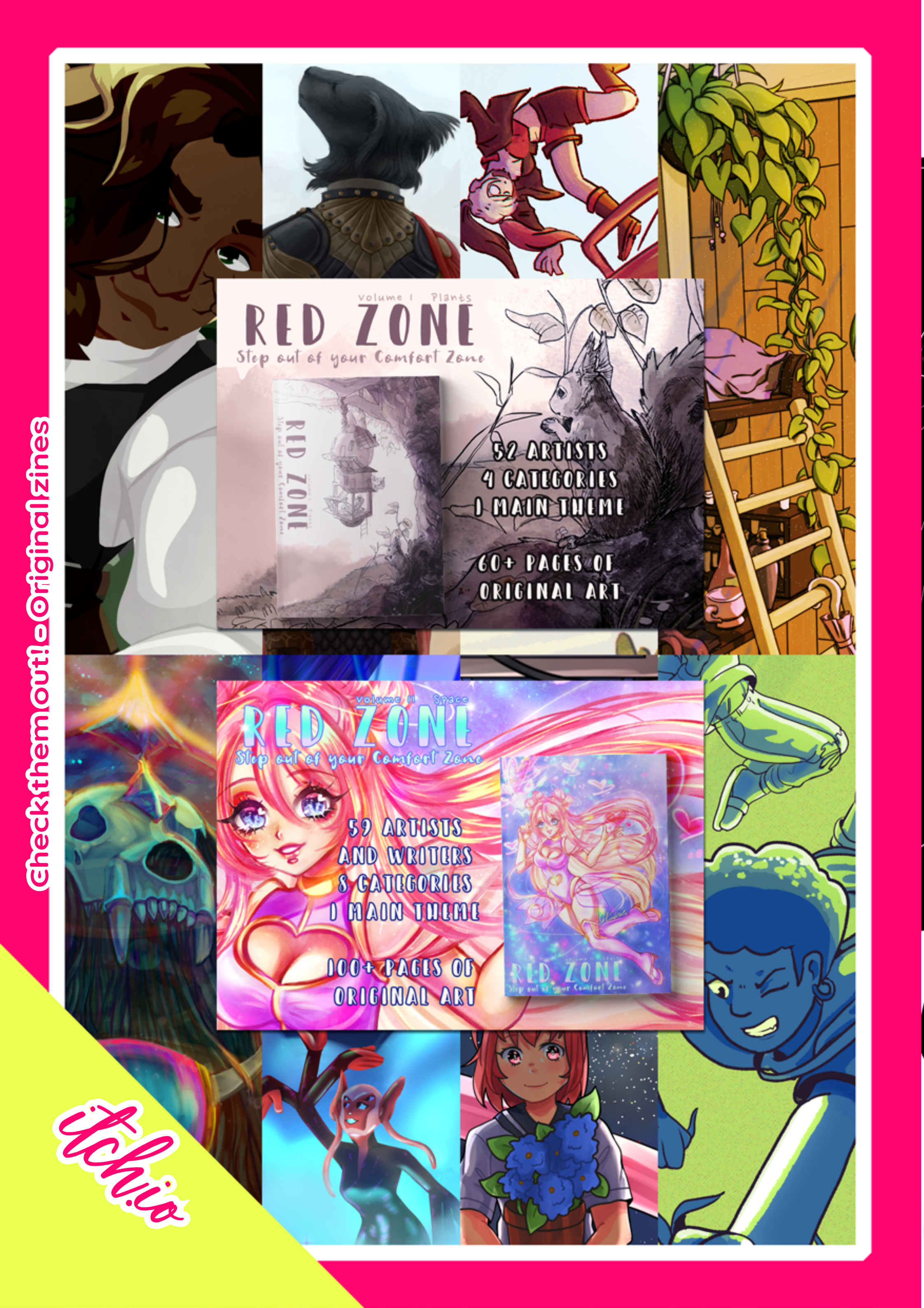

CAUTION!!
CAUTION!! CA
@angemagica

Artist: angemagica

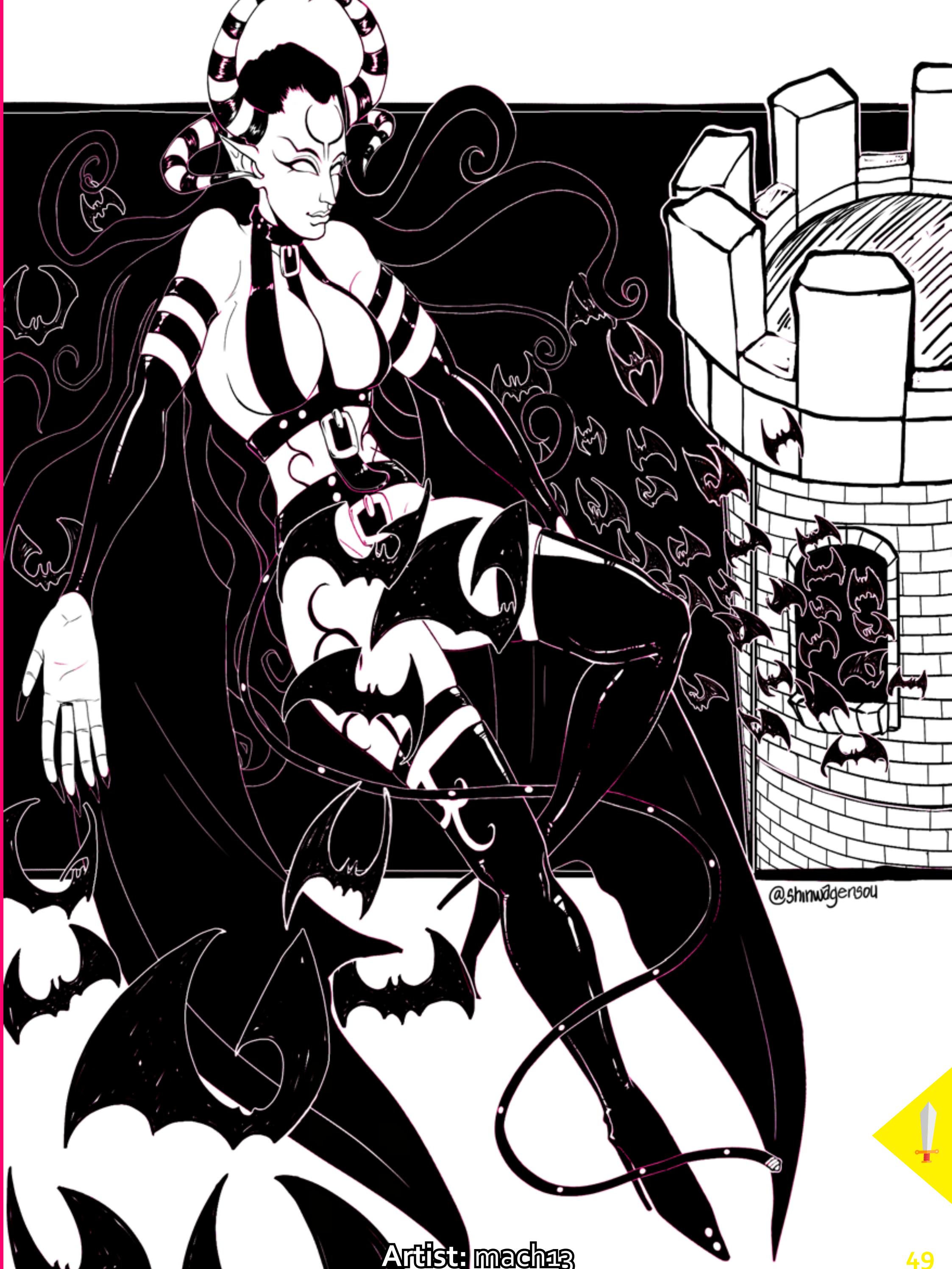
2009 - The King of Fighters 2002: Unlimited Match (Omega Rugal)


PepperSketchy

Artist: sketchypeppers


Check them out! - Originalzines
itch.io
Volume I Plants
RED ZONE
Step out of your Comfort Zone
52 ARTISTS
4 CATEGORIES
1 MAIN THEME
60+ PAGES OF
ORIGINAL ART
Volume II Space
RED ZONE
Step out of your Comfort Zone
59 ARTISTS
AND WRITERS
8 CATEGORIES
1 MAIN THEME
100+ PAGES OF
ORIGINAL ART

2009 - MadWorld (Elise)


@shinwagensou

Artist: mach13

Spectre v. Spectre

By CelestialArcadia

(Tela Vasir from "Mass Effect 2" - 2010)

As Shepard followed the trail of purple blood on the hotel floor, the unease that had settled in her chest grew. On one hand, a blood trail meant that Vasir was injured, and thus vulnerable—an easier target to take out.

On the other hand, Spectres weren't known for going down easy. And Vasir had bombed three floors of a crowded financial building in order to take out one person. What would she resort to in order to survive? People like her were at their most dangerous when their lives were at stake.

All sense of propriety or decorum went out the window the moment the two Spectres drew their guns. Civilians ran away in a panic, not wanting to be caught in the possibly very literal crossfire.

It wasn't the first time Shepard had to deal with a hostage situation. You don't become special forces without having to deal with enemies bringing in an innocent (or seven). So while Shepard had basically nothing in the way of natural negotiation skills, she'd been forced into negotiations often enough that she'd managed to develop some instincts over time. Such as recognizing when a hostage-taker isn't going to let their hostage go no matter what you say.

Shepard could just shoot the hostage—to wound, to get her out of Vasir's grasp, not to kill—but that would be messy, in multiple senses of the term. This Mariana had done nothing except be in the wrong place as the worst possible time. Shooting her was a last resort Shepard was sure she wouldn't need. And when Vasir decided to taunt Liara about the death of her mother...well. Liara was a smart woman who had learned how to harness anger. She'd figure something out.

In the meantime, Shepard talked. It wasn't a bluff, not really. She had made too many sacrifices for the good of the galaxy to be truly put off by collateral damage. Not while her target was still prepared to kill.

And then Liara threw the table. It hit Vasir dead on, the top of the table breaking her away from the hostage. It was a bit of a blunt solution for Liara, Shepard thought, but beggars can't be choosers. And the hostage—Mariana—had enough sense to get up and run before anyone started shooting. She'd be bruised, definitely, and would probably have nightmares for weeks. But she was alive, for herself and for her son. That was something.

With the last of the civilians finally evacuated, all bets were off, and the battle could truly begin.

This wasn't a one-on-one fight—Shepard had Liara and Garrus at her back, of course, and Vasir had mercenaries on call. But it might as well have just been the two Spectres at each other's throats.

Shepard had fought many powerful opponents in the past, but there was something about Spectres that made them particularly thrilling. Shepard felt a buzz that she hadn't felt in combat since she fought Saren, in what might as well have been a different life.

They were the best of the best. The greatest forces the galaxy has to offer. Shepard was one of them too, now.

And Shepard was going to win, just like she won against Saren.

Biotic power coursed through her body as she charged, shotgun at her side, to where Vasir stood at the ready, her own gun pointed towards Shepard. What could Shepard say—she was reckless, a risk-taker, liked getting up close and personal with people pointing firearms at her. She was the type of person to bring her fists to a gunfight and come out on top.

But before Shepard could fire off a round of her own, or grab Vasir for an old-fashioned Earth-style wrestle, Vasir charged away, a blur of blue streaking across the balcony.

Shepard growled. It was partially a growl of annoyance, but also one of satisfaction, of recognizing power when she sees it, of preparing for a fight well fought. The game was on.

They weren't playing cat-and-mouse. That implied finesse, and there was none of that going on here. Vasir was charging at any opportunity she could, no matter how close or far away Shepard was. With that kind of strategy, the easiest thing for Shepard to do was to just keep charging in, do as much damage as possible before Vasir charged away. Sometimes Shepard got a blast in with her shotgun; sometimes she only managed a punch. And Vasir, for her own part, did manage to get a few good hits in herself. Even with the upgrades to her body, she'd be covered in bruises for a few days.

It was only a matter of time before Vasir went down. She was tough, but not as tough as Shepard. Vasir lost her strength as Shepard kept getting hits in, and eventually could no longer even stand on her own, let alone fight back. She was as good as dead.

And of course Vasir would have a speech. Too many of Shepard's opponents felt the need to make their last words indignant speeches. As if any of them had anything worthwhile to say—the fact that they had ended up at the business end of her shotgun in the first place showed they had made too many bad decisions to have their thoughts be worth taking into consideration.

She wanted to snarl. Did this traitor of a Spectre really think that Shepard wasn't already aware of the blood on her financier's hands? She had personally seen the victims of their twisted experiments. She had been forced to put them out of their misery. She knew. She knew things even worse than Vasir knew, too; things that haunted her dreams and waking hours equally.

And she knew that she had no other choice. It was something she had agonized over, something she shed tears over only when she was absolutely sure nobody was watching.

It was the cruelty of numbers. Would Shepard really be able to justify allowing the entire galaxy to be obliterated in order to satisfy her own moral code?

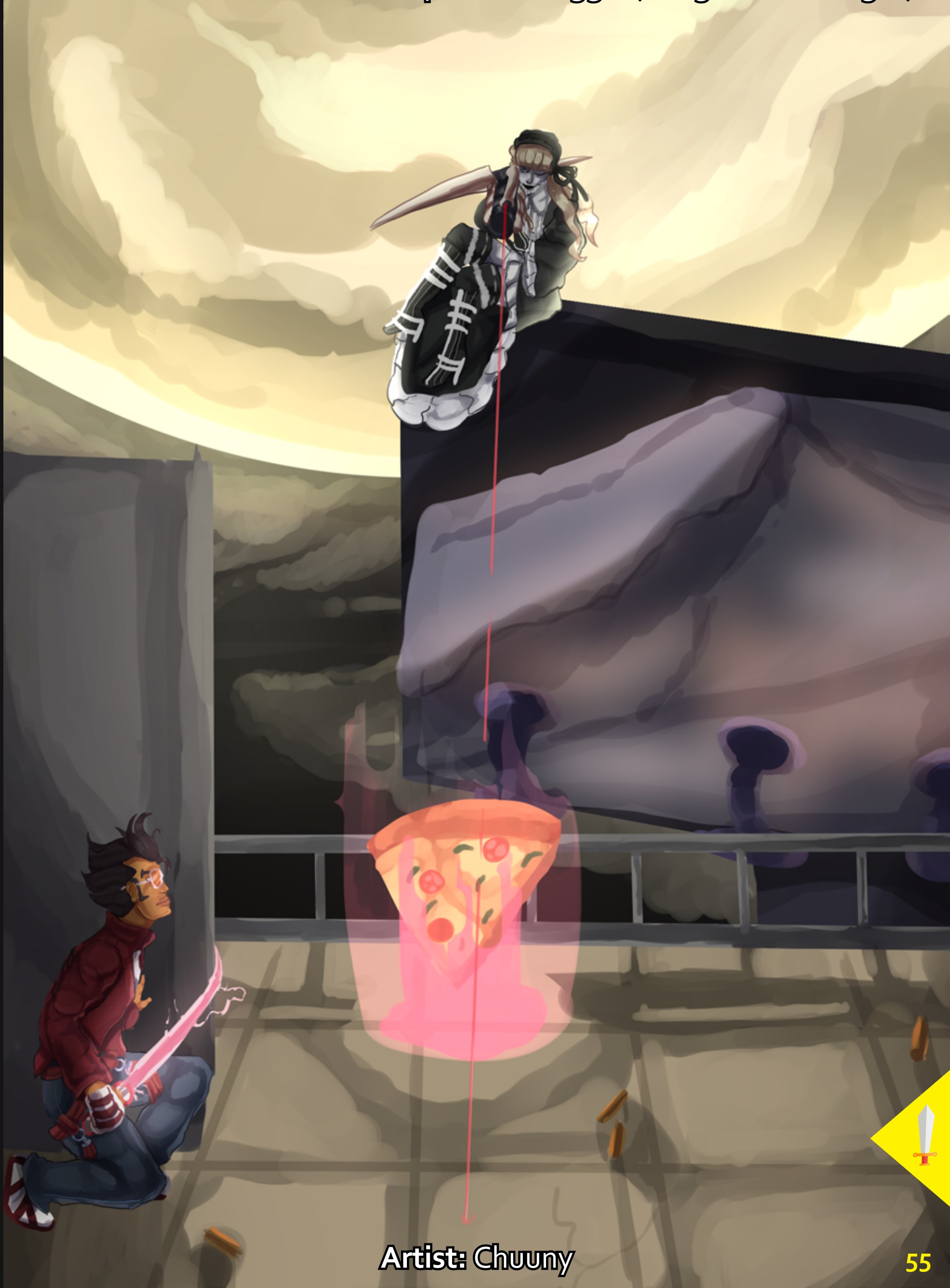
She would not.

The last of Tela Vasir's life left her body. She was no longer a danger to anyone—not to Shepard, or to Liara, or to civilians. Funny thing about death—no matter how dangerous or not people are when they're alive, all corpses are equally harmless. Shepard would be one of those too someday. (Arguably, she already had experience.) For the galaxy's sake, Shepard hoped that her duty would be over by the time that happened.

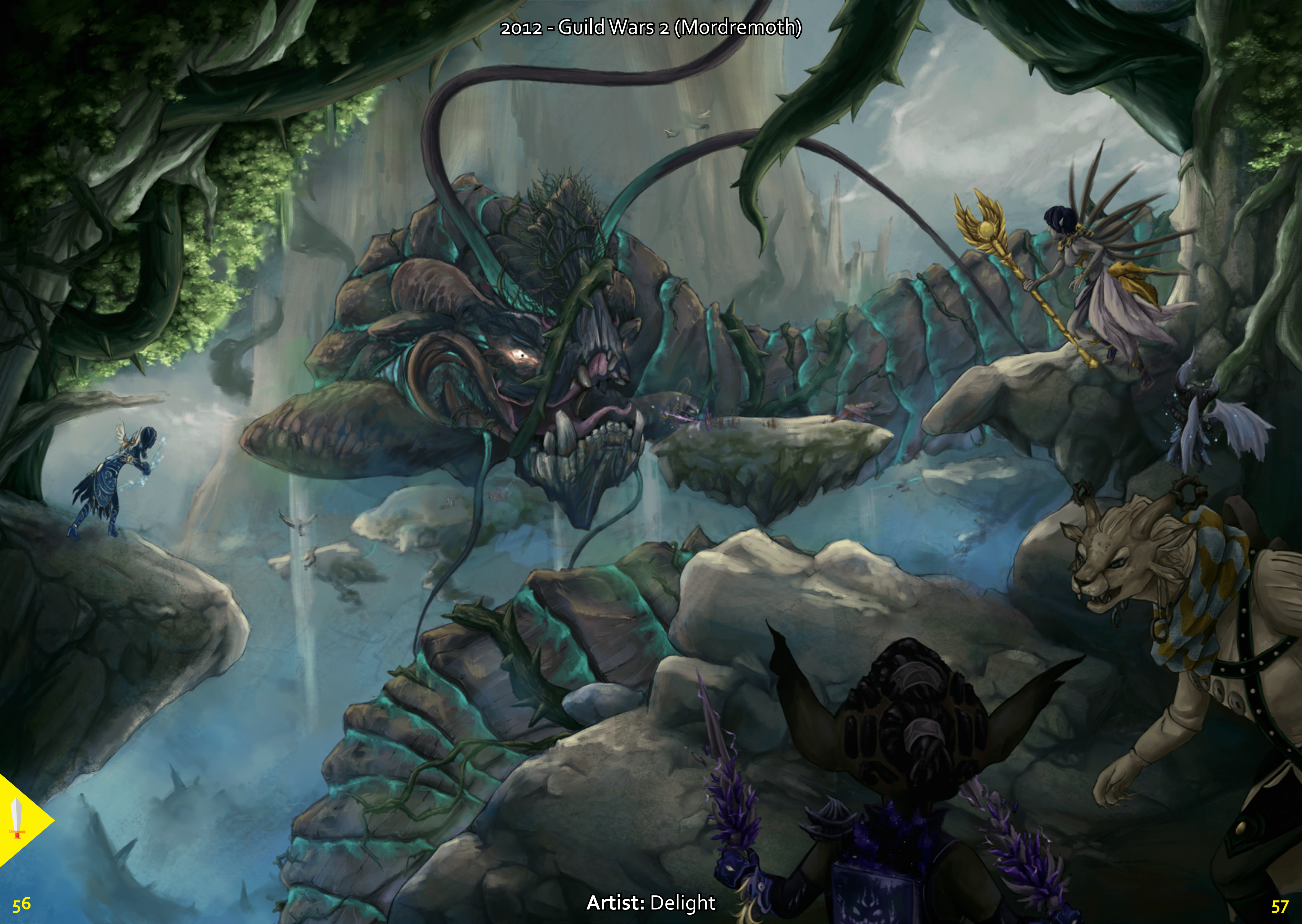
(Again.)

Shepard stood and left the area. Liara was waiting for her, would get impatient if Shepard decided to reflect on the nature of death much longer. They had some talking to do.

2010 - No More Heroes 2: Desperate Struggle (Margaret Moonlight)

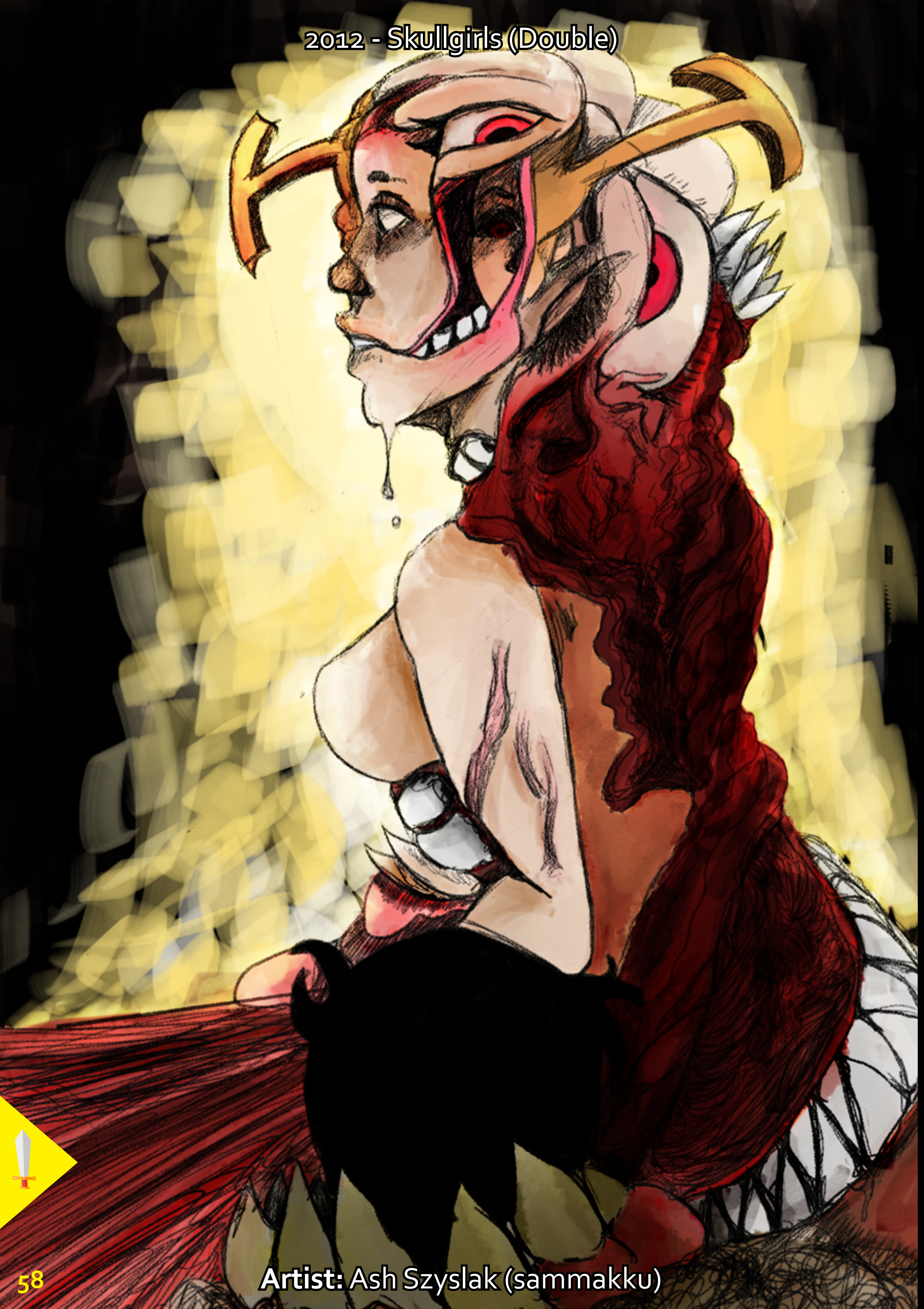


Artist: Chuuny



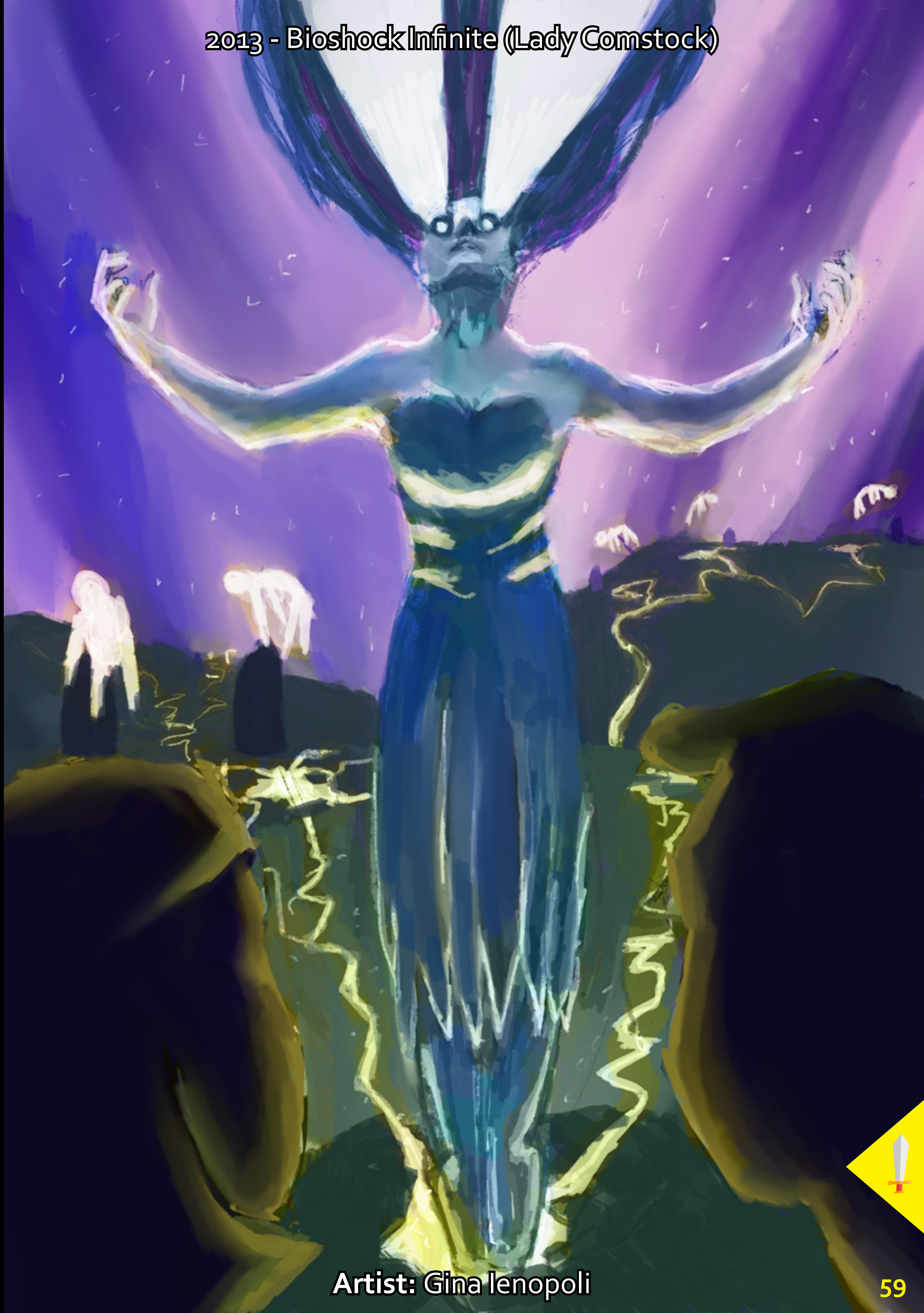
Artist: Delight

2012 - Skullgirls (Double)



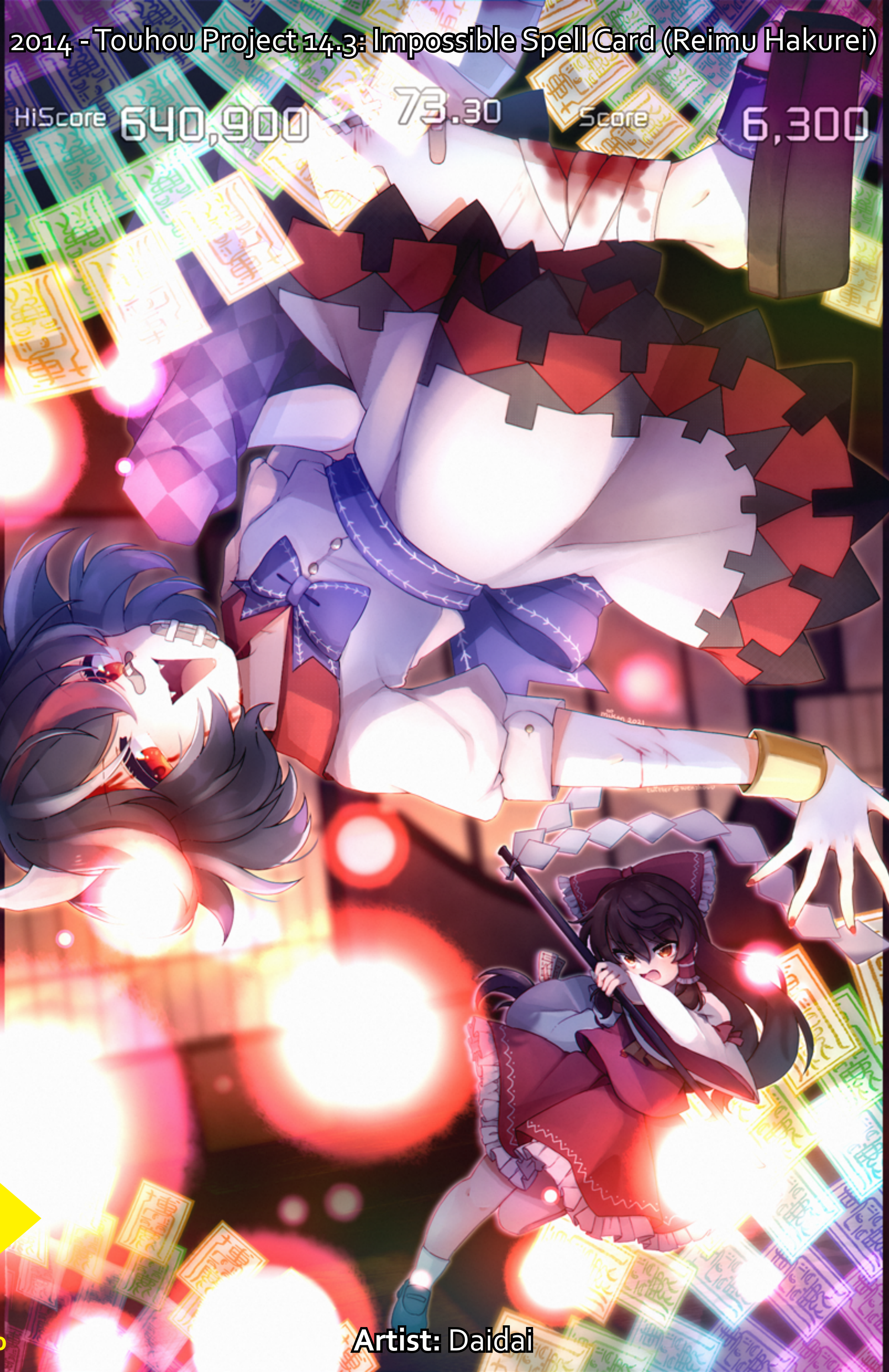
Artist: Ash Szyslak (sammakku)

2013 - Bioshock Infinite (Lady Comstock)



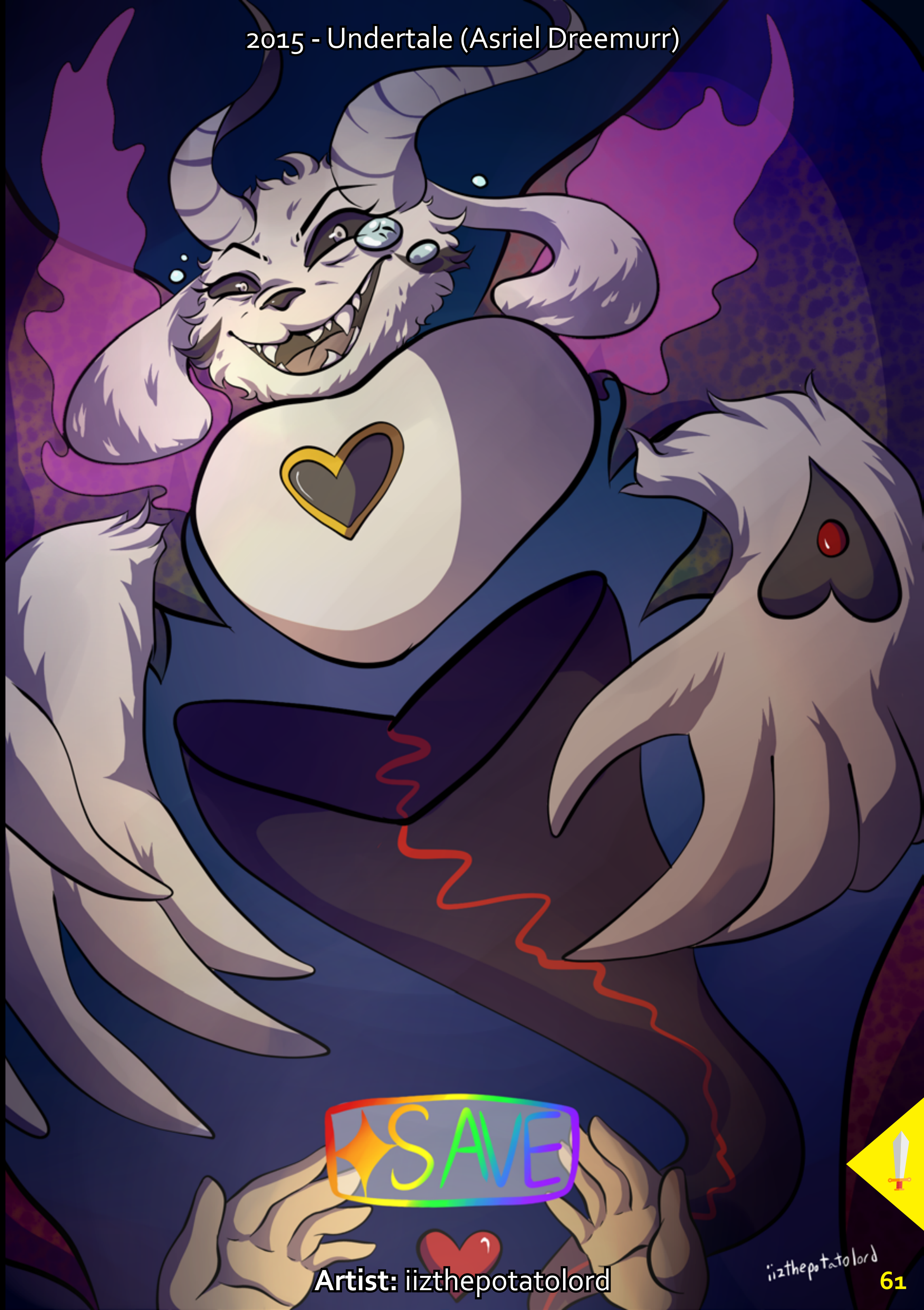
Artist: Gina Ienopoli

2014 - Touhou Project 14.3: Impossible Spell Card (Reimu Hakurei)


HiScore 640,900
73.30
Score 6,300

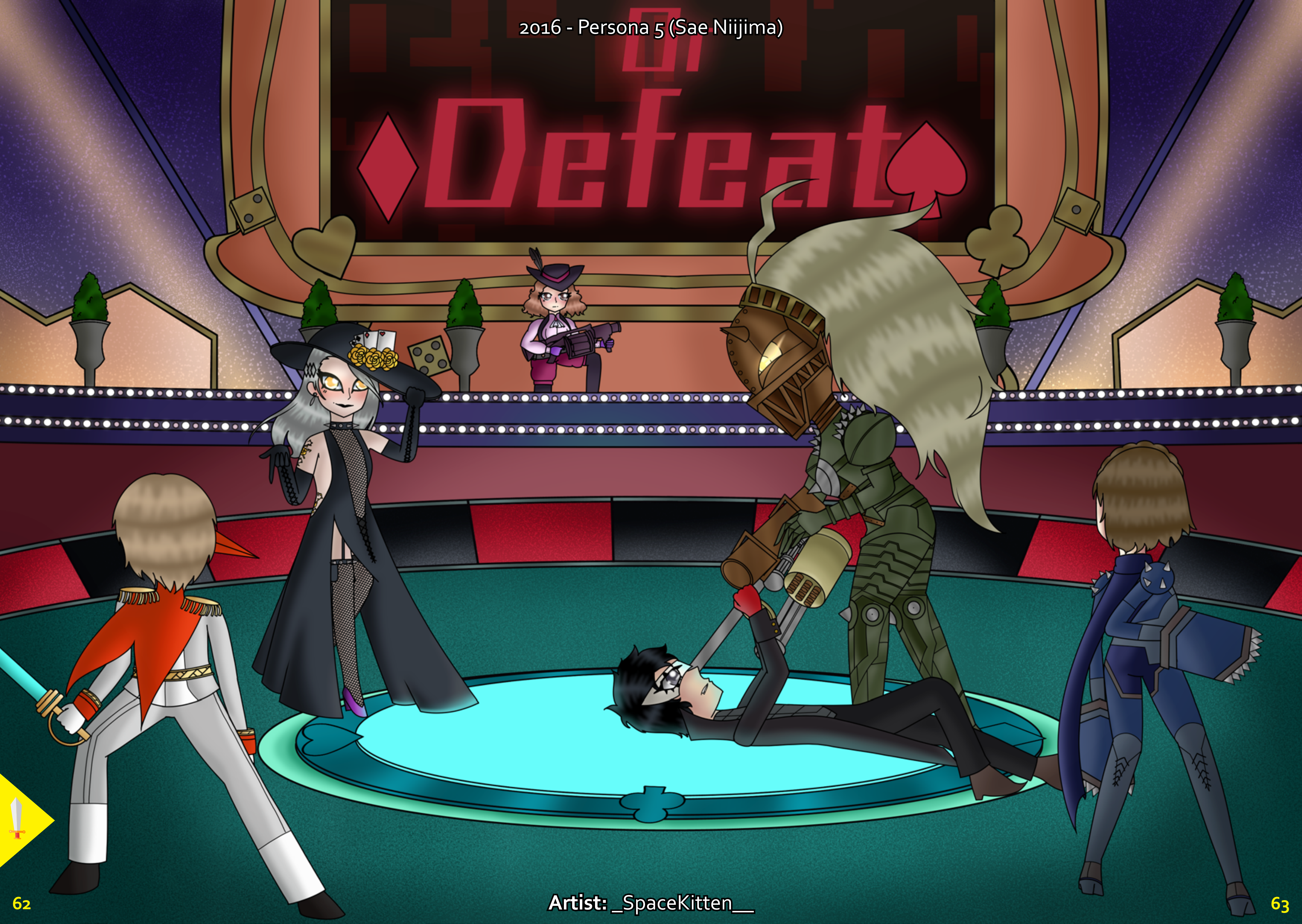
Artist: Daidai

2015 - Undertale (Asriel Dreemurr)


SAVE
iizthepotatolord

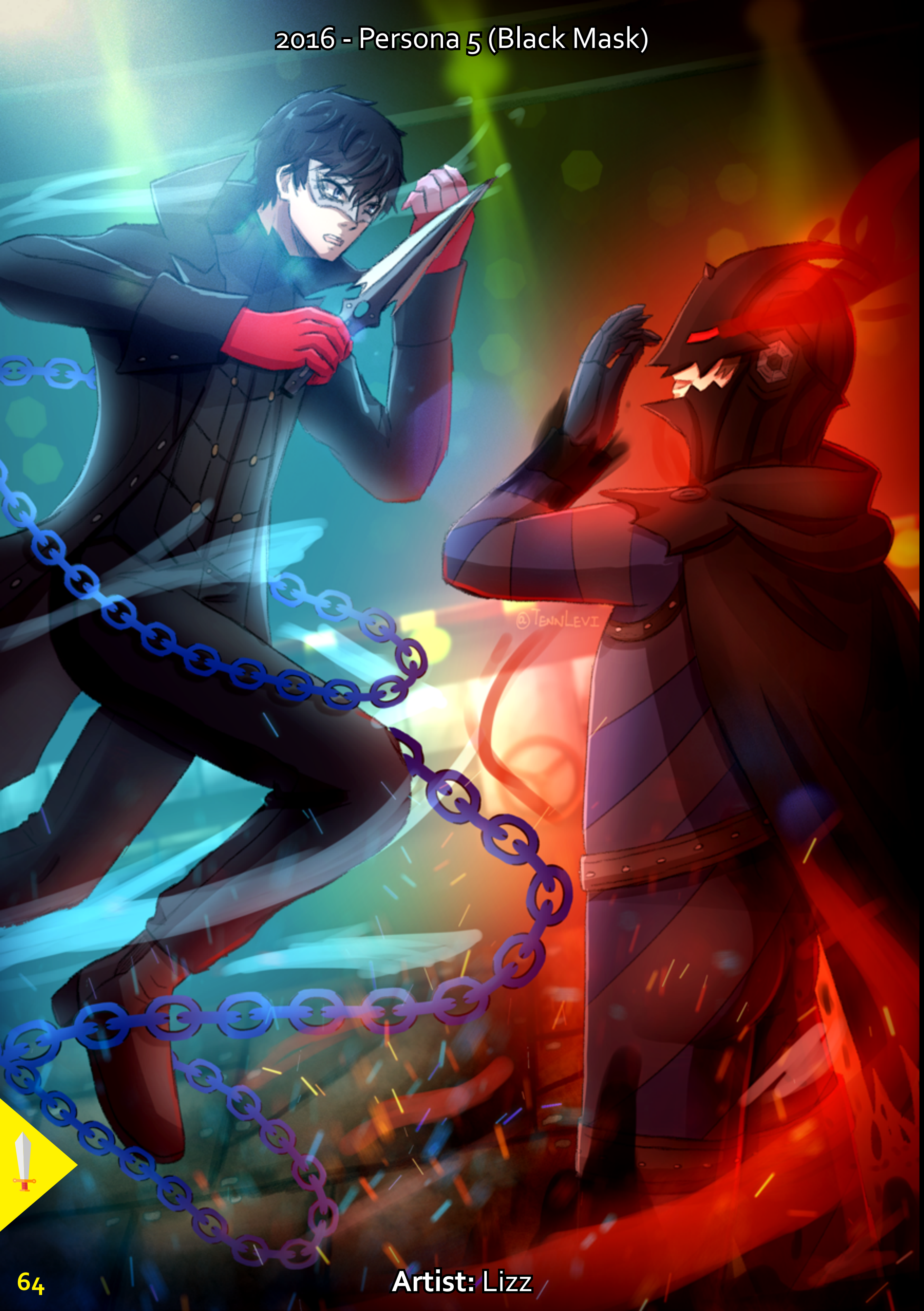
Artist: iizthepotatolord

2016 - Persona 5 (Sae Niijima)



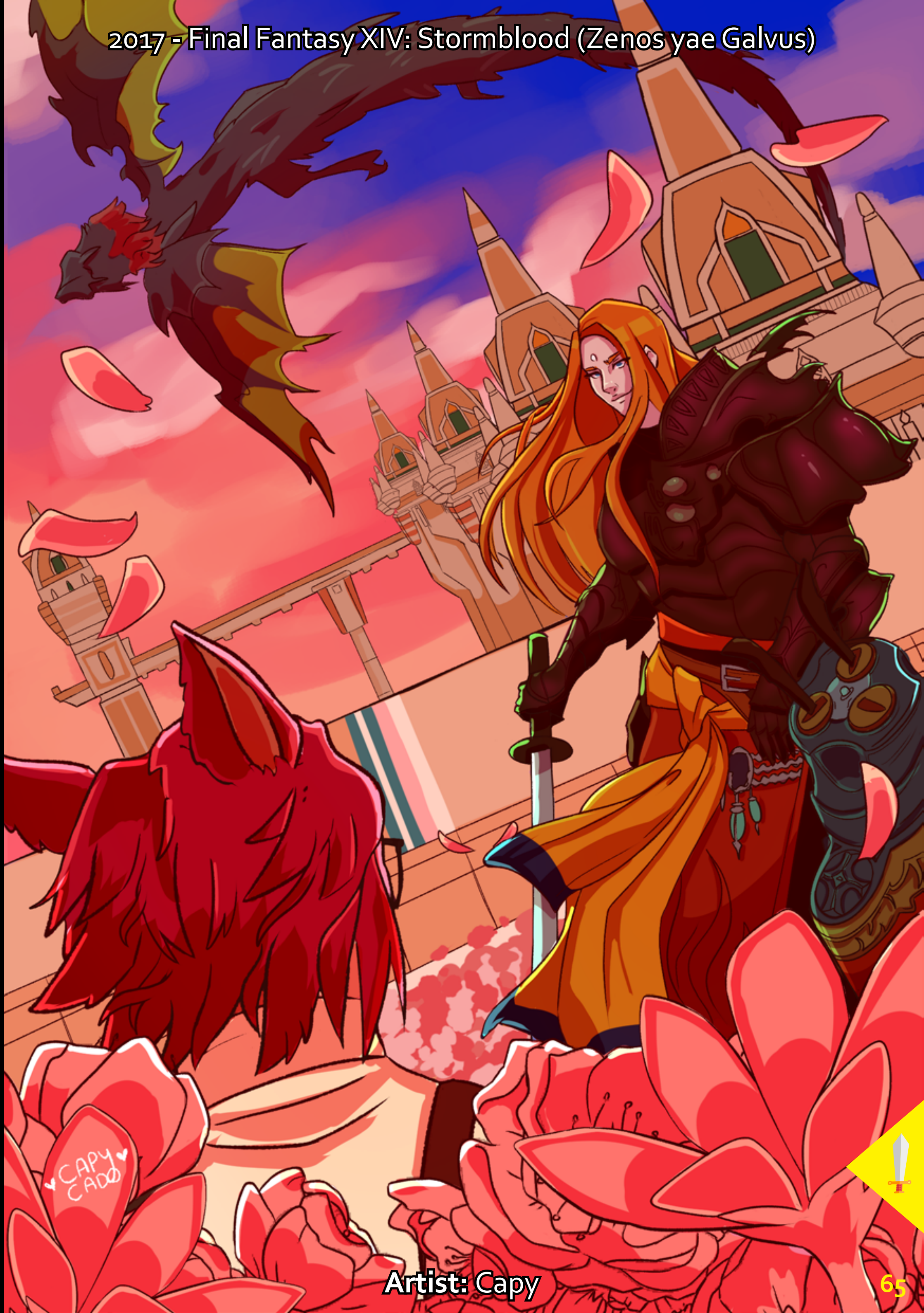
Artist: _SpaceKitten__

2016 - Persona 5 (Black Mask)



Artist: Lizz

2017 - Final Fantasy XIV: Stormblood (Zenos yae Galvus)

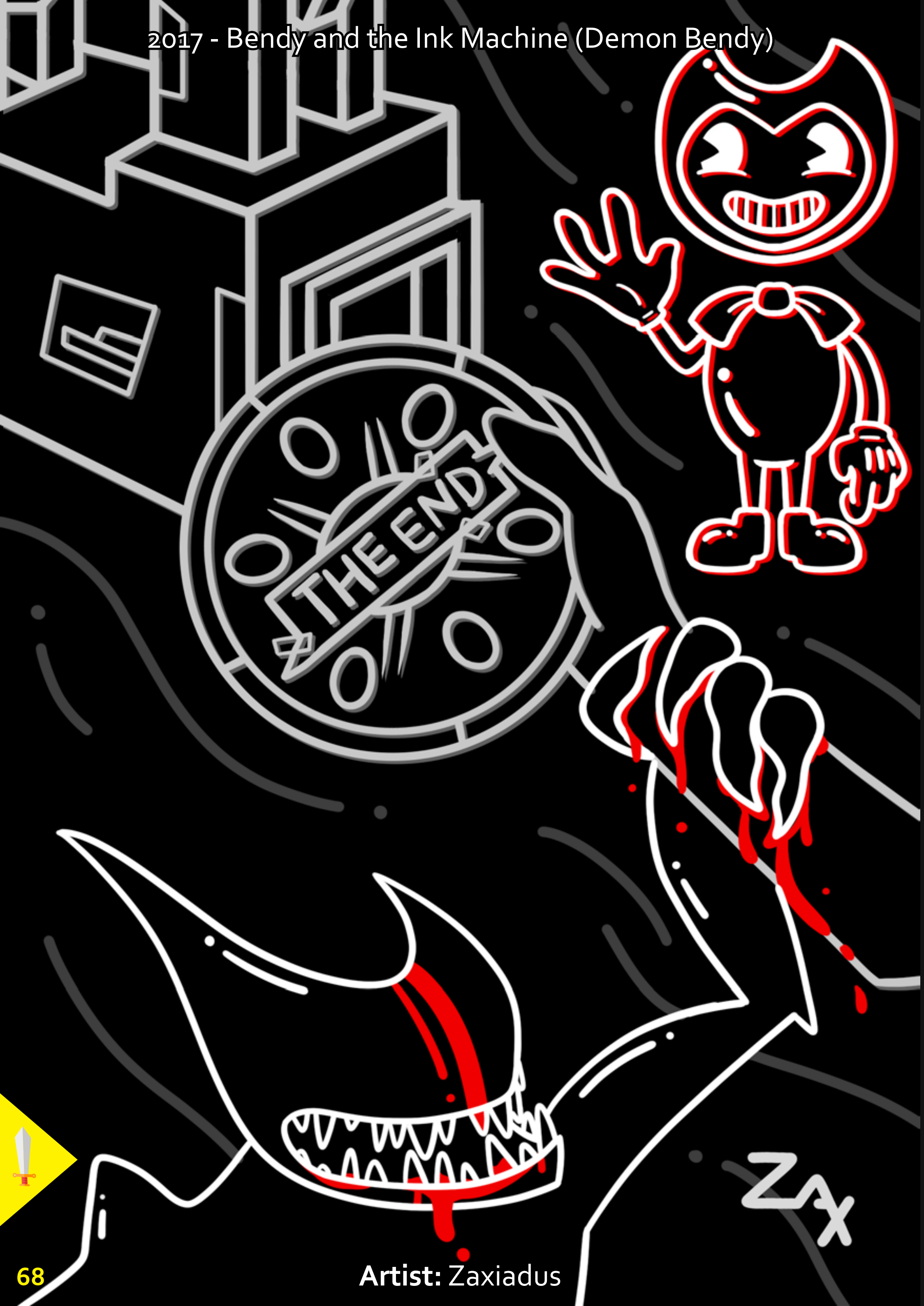


Artist: Capy

2017 - Dragon Quest XI: Echoes of an Elusive Age (Tatsunaga)

Artist: K1d005

2017 - Bendy and the Ink Machine (Demon Bendy)



Artist: Zaxiadus

Welcome Home

By Taruchinator

(Demon Bendy from "Bendy and the Ink Machine" - 2017)

Henry *really* wished this was all a dream.

It was a constant thought he had in the back of his mind whenever he would even briefly think of the 'real world' that resided outside the walls of Joey Drew Studios. And after being away from the company that he had held so dearly in his heart for many years, it was no surprise that he could only believe that this was all just a convoluted dream due to the changes all around him on a supernatural level.

He didn't even know how long he has been down here— Days? Weeks? ...Years?

The only thing that kept him from going insane was Linda, and how much he needed to get back to her and their unborn child. It was the only thing that made him keep going.

All these thoughts continued to plague his mind even as he followed Allison Angel and Tom Boris into the depths of the studio, making their way into the final battle to free all souls trapped in this underground nightmare. After fighting off the last raid of lost ones in their way, Allison walked ahead as she spoke in a surprised tone. "Wow... I've never seen *this* before..."

As soon as Henry looked ahead, he realized what was standing in front of him: It was the ink machine. A GIANT ink machine. It was probably the size of a full house and was overflowing with liters of ink which lead into a river of an unknown depth. Tom

Boris approached next to him with a frown on his face as he turned from side to side, almost in search of something. Allison must have read his mind because of what she spoke up. "We need to get across... but there's nothing to build a raft with... You'll have to go at this alone, Henry."

Ah yes, that was it. They *were* both made of ink after all, so stepping into that lake would probably.... melt them? He wasn't exactly sure, but he didn't want to find out.

"Guess it's all up to me now... And I still have no idea why this is happening to me..."

With a sympathetic side smile, the woman placed her hand on his left shoulder as a means of comfort. It felt rather warm. "You are here for a reason, Henry. There's always a reason!" Glancing down at her other inky hand, her lips formed into a frown as she continued. "Even if we don't quite understand it..."

Regaining her composure, she turned to Tom who simply nodded as he handed over his wrench pipe over to the old cartoonist. "It's time... Set us free!"

With those last words in mind, Henry began making his way into the beast's mouth— dipping his feet into the inky abyss below. It was rather thick and warm, but a suffocating kind of warmth that he was desperate to escape from. Moving as quickly as he could with the waist length that the river carried, his eyes stared into the machine as he approached the entrance.

The large hallway was empty, with no monsters in sight. Yet still he could hear moans and cries from a distance.

It was only until Henry looked above for a moment that he realized where they came from: vials filled with either Boris clones or misshapen lost ones; all in the process of being created, shown evident by the large waterfall of thick ink that was falling on top of them. Their eyes were lifeless, and devoid of any emotion except pain.

Moving ahead into the hallway, the older man entered a large room which contained a throne of sorts— made of dusty furniture and other vintage materials. All around decorating the walls were screen projectors of various shapes and sizes, all displaying various snippets of Bendy animations. It was almost an homage to the little devil darling, if Henry had to give a name to it all.

Taking a few steps closer to enter the room, Henry could see a recorder sitting neatly on the large seat just like the previous ones he had encountered scattered across the studio. Curiosity took over the best of him just as before, and pressed play.

As soon as Joey Drew's voice ended the recording with the order to play the mysterious film titled 'The End' to defeat the monster that had lurked the studio, an enormous shadow loomed over the cartoonist from behind the throne-like chair. Bendy emerged with his trademark crooked smile as he extended an arm forward— his arm and soon body beginning to change into a larger form.

Calling it a demon before was not an accurate statement anymore.

This was a demon.

The monster opened it's jaw only to reveal the sharpened fangs hidden underneath, and almost immediately let out a roar as it lunged forward aiming to reach for the film. Henry was quicker however; launching himself for the circular object and then making a sprint for it as he felt a snap in his hip. He could only grunt as he pushed ahead.

Hiding behind a pillar, the man moved into a crouching position in an attempt to remain unseen by Bendy, which was of course a long shot. The 'little devil darling' continued to run from one pillar to the other as he tried to trap the cartoonist in the large room, not giving him a single chance to escape. Despite all this, the man slipped from one crevice to the other as he triggered levers which opened secret rooms to which he could run to.

One of these rooms was filled with large tubes which most likely transported the ink inside of the machine, and it appeared to be a good place to set up a trap for this monster.

"Hey! Over here, you old rip-off!" Henry began waving his arms rapidly in front of one of the large tubes as he taunted the beast, very much keeping an eye on how much force he'd have to use to jump to the side in time before he crashed into him instead.

Demon Bendy growled in response and began sprinting towards him, almost like a bull. In the nick of time, the cartoonist lunged out of the way as Bendy smashed against the pipe, effectively breaking it and making the liquid ooze to the outside.

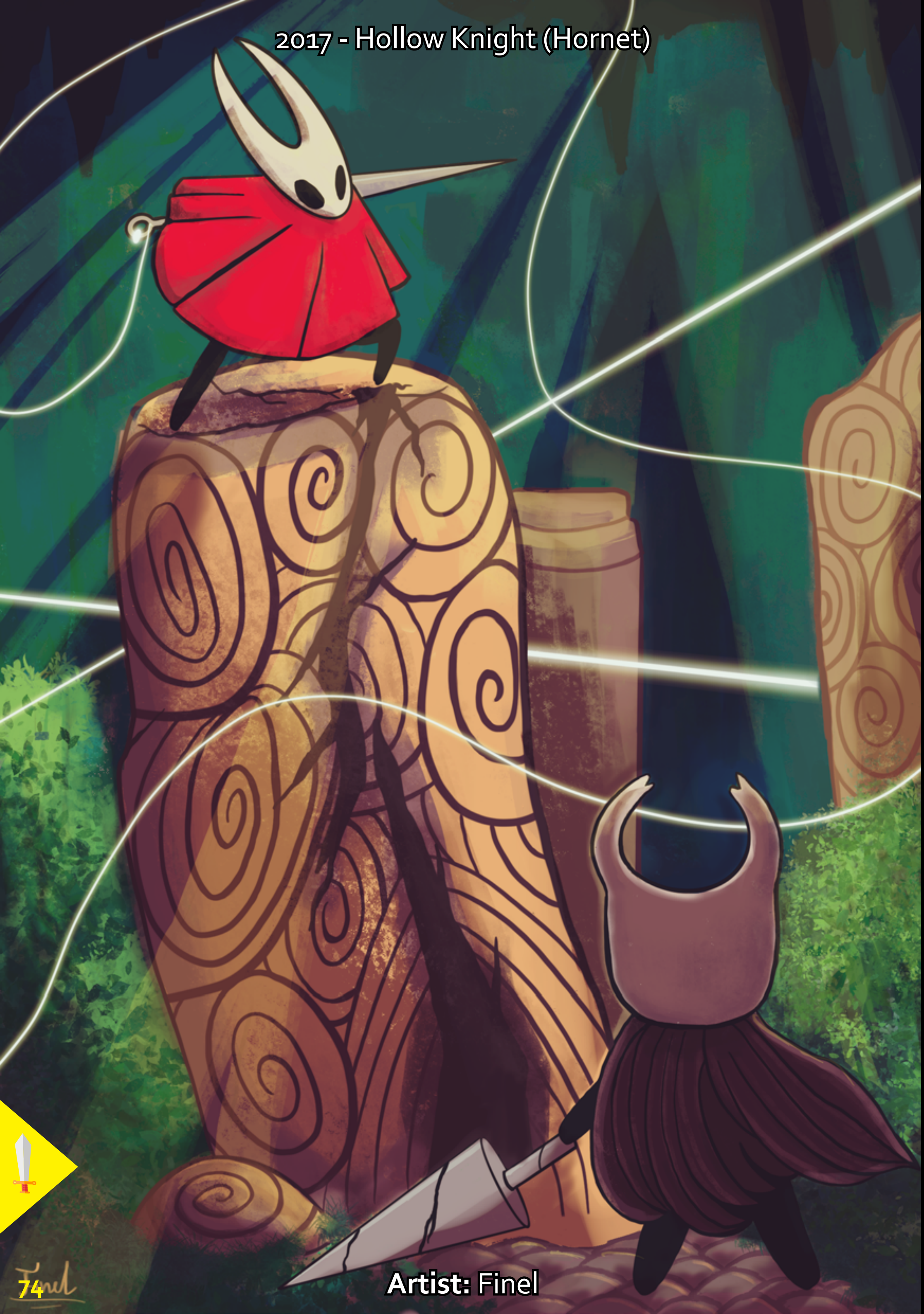
Just like that, he started running back into the throne room without turning back as he desperately searched for the projector to place the film in. Once he locked eyes with it, he felt a strong grip against his ribs that pulled the air out of his lungs. But he didn't give up. He pulled against the beast and stretched his arm towards the small machine and then plugged it in.

The rest happened so fast that he could barely register it.

A bright light engulfed the monster behind him as he quickly disappeared. It all blinded Henry and sent him unconscious without even realizing it.

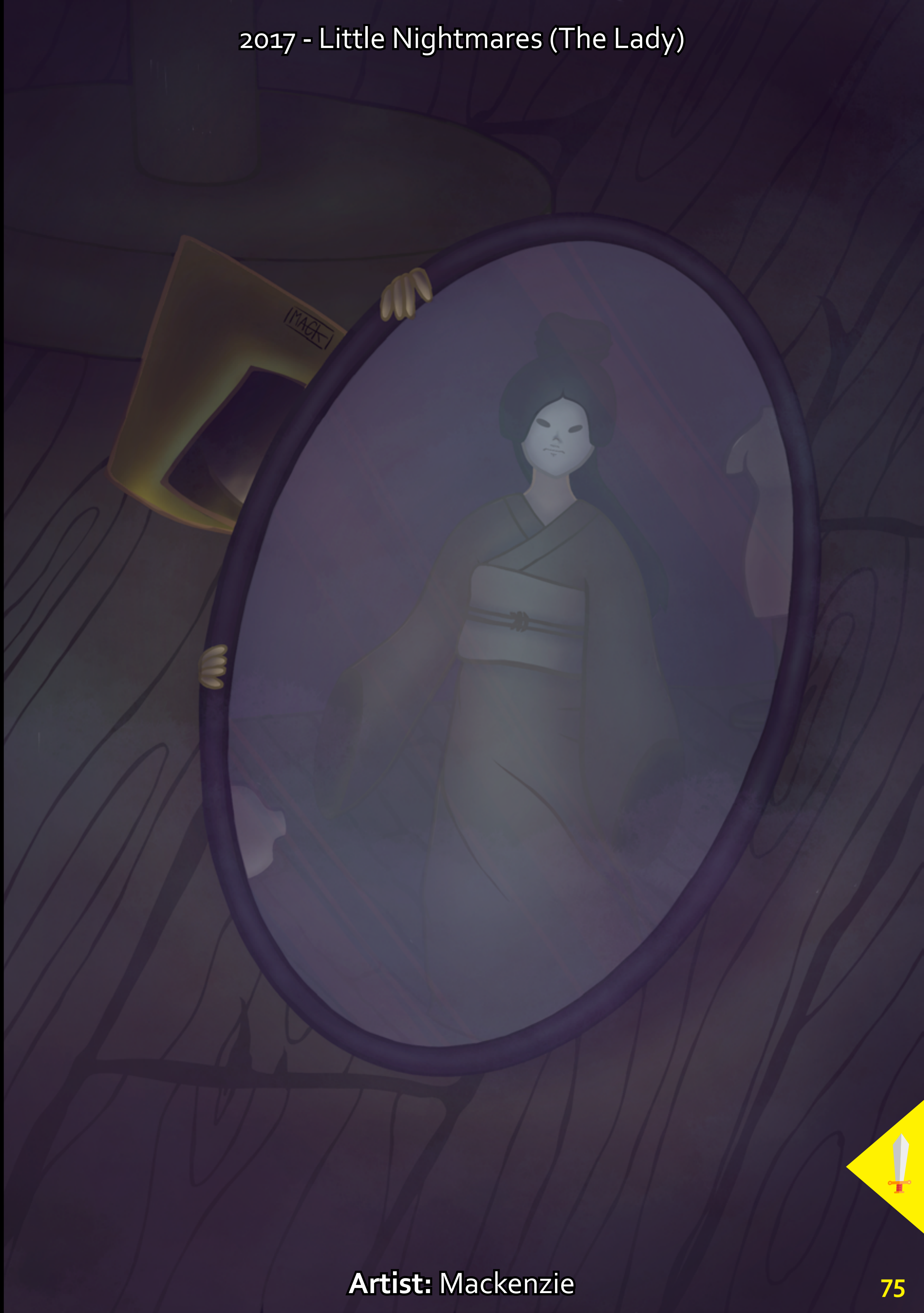
"Welcome home, Henry…"

2017 - Hollow Knight (Hornet)

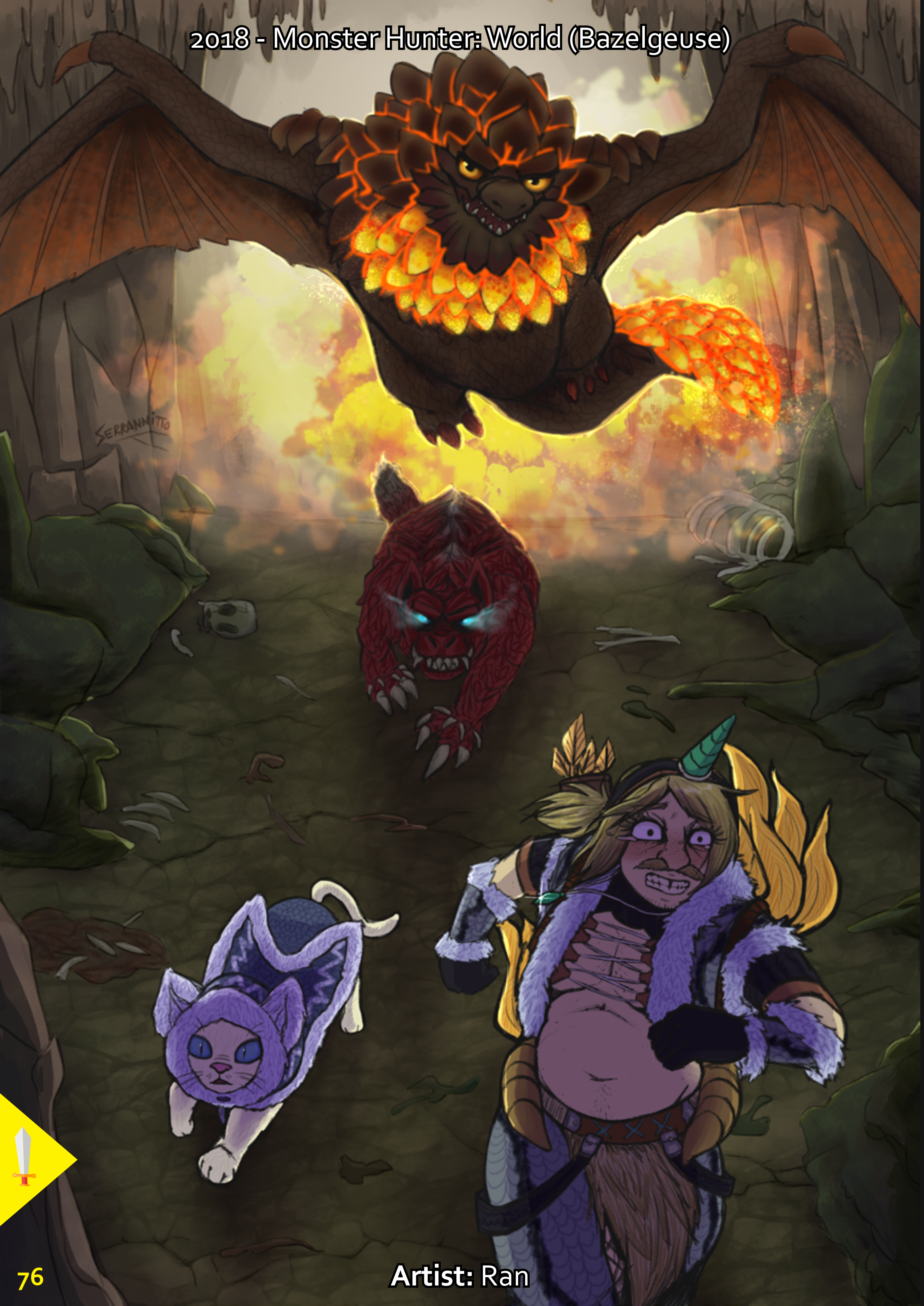


Artist: Finel

2017 - Little Nightmares (The Lady)



Artist: Mackenzie



2018 - Monster Hunter: World (Bazelgeuse)

Artist: Ran

Deadly Dance

By Lua

(Helgenish from "Octopath Traveller" - 2018)

Yusufa's hand became limp. Primrose laid it down gently, giving her friend the respect she'd been denied far too often in life. She knew tears would be appropriate, but none would come; instead, Primrose was filled with rage burning deep inside her, nearly setting her ablaze. One more death she needed to avenge.

She stood up slowly and raised her eyes to Helgenish. "This time, it will be your turn to dance, Master." She spat out the last word as if it were a bitter poison, and drew her dagger.

Primrose wouldn't let anyone stand in her way, not anymore. She'd waited long enough. Now it was time to make them pay. She glanced at Yusufa, lying peacefully in the sand; she'd deserved so much better, but Primrose couldn't change the past. All she could do now was give her justice, and gain some information on the men with the crow tattoos as a bonus.

"You know what they do with kittens that bite, don't you?" Helgenish asked. Primrose would take great pleasure in wiping that smug grin off his face. "They're put down."

Primrose didn't deign to answer; he would regret his words soon enough. For the sake of Yusufa and the others, she'd put an end to him today.

Helgenish's movements were slow, almost sluggish. Years of dancing had made Primrose far nimbler than he could ever hope to be. His guards were a bigger threat, so she disposed of them first. The weak points in their armor were easy to spot, and once she slipped behind them, there was no hope for them. One well-placed stab, and they fell to the ground, their blood staining the desert.

For a second, Primrose felt a twinge of guilt. These were human lives she'd snuffed out, people whose friends and family would wait for them, unaware their hopes were in vain. But then she caught another look of Yusufa, her body already partially covered by the white sand, and Primrose stopped feeling remorse. Humans they may be, but humans who'd willingly allied themselves with a monster like Helgenish. They had to pay, too.

Soon enough, it was down to the two of them. Primrose's dagger glistened in the sun, the blood on its blade glittering like rubies. "This will be your end." Even she was surprised by how cold her voice sounded, while the fury burned in her eyes.

"Don't overestimate yourself, kitten." Not even a hint of fear showed on Helgenish's face. He still wasn't taking her seriously.

That would be his demise. Primrose would make sure of it.

Helgenish was practiced with his weapon, but Primrose was in much better shape. She dodged the first few hits, getting a feeling for his attacks—when he hit, where he tried to hit.

"Dance for me, kitten, one last time!" Helgenish swung at her, but Primrose jumped back, putting some distance between them.

Time to grant his wish. Primrose focused, felt magic's dark energy course through her as she spun around to channel it, and finally aimed it at Helgenish; dark, shadowy tendrils reached for him, wrapped around his arms and body. They disappeared before he could even yelp in pain.

The attack had hurt, but it hadn't scared him enough. "You'll pay for this!"

"Will I?" Another dance, and Primrose could feel the strength of a lion in her, ready to strike down her prey.

When Helgenish made for another swing, Primrose's arm shot forward, her dagger cutting through Helgenish's sleeve and slicing his forearm.

He yelped in pain and dropped the dagger. Grave mistake. For the first time, Primrose saw fear in his eyes. "Goodbye, Helgenish."

One last decisive cut, and Helgenish dropped to the ground; Primrose made sure he'd fall away from Yusufa. She wouldn't be soiled by men like him ever again.

Once he was down, Primrose rifled through his pockets, looking for a hint about the man with a crow tattoo she'd seen, and found a note.

Primrose took one last look at the bodies. Her tormentor, his lackeys... and her only friend. The desert wind was slowly covering them all.

Primrose turned away and left. Her work wasn't over yet, after all.

Nightmares

By Piper

(Inner Agent 3 from “Splatoon 2: Octo Expansion” - 2018)

“Well now.” Iso Padre’s deep voice made Manta look up. “A full, unbroken set of those things. You’re living the dream, having them all together like that.” He chuckled. “I could only get two.” His expression shifted for a moment. “Suppose the flip side is that I won’t see you much anymore, huh? Shame.”

They nodded, then paused for a moment, eyes widening as they heard a noise. Glancing behind them, they heard a crackling, then a click, like a door unlocking, and a long, creaking sound. The crackling continued, radio silence echoing in their ears, and they tried to figure out what the noise was, until -

“Hey kid, you okay?” Iso Padre’s tap spooked them out of their phase, and they nodded slowly. “Damn, you got some weird phases.”

This made Manta blush, a muted pink on their ochre skin. “You came down here for a different reason, didn’t you? Something bothering you?”

“Pearl and Marina filled me in!” the cuttlefish, sitting one seat down, called. “Manta’s been having nightmares about the underground and Agent 3 - y’know, that inkling that saved us down here?” The isopod nodded, then turned his sunglass-hidden gaze back to Manta.

“That’s your name, huh? Manta?” They nodded. “Neat, though I think I’ll stick with kid. Anyway, you’ve been having nightmares? About Agent 3?”

They nodded again, then began to sign, only to be paused. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. I can’t make sense of that. Write it down?” They paused, then began scribbling on the page.

Yes. Since I’ve been on the surface, all I can dream of is them, every night, and I don’t know why that’s happening.

“Seems like you’ve got a predicament.” He pointed outside of the train for a moment. “However, a locker did just open up out there. I noticed it when I was poking around, maybe that’ll have something?” They nodded, then cleared their throat, turning to exit.

They trotted through the station in silence, up to the open locker labeled #8, and flicked it open, revealing a small journal within. They reached their hand out, then felt a flood of memories overtake them and closed their eyes.

Two years ago, I took them on.

Manta’s gaze opened, and they stared upward, feeling the newfound roar of a glass arena around them, and the synthetic feeling of leather in their hands. They inspected their weapon for a moment: a standard, unmodified Octo Shot, identical to the one they claimed as their own, complete with the small, pink sticker on the shooter’s hilt. Somehow, they could make out a floating platform, some distance away, and an orange-haired inkling, cape outstretched and headphones wrapped around their ears. Faintly, they could make out a crudely-drawn 3 on the cape, and widened their gaze at the Hero Shot in their hands. The inkling seemed to notice the sound around them, then turned their gaze back, eyes locking.

At the threat of an opponent, they spun on their heels and crouched, just before leaping forward. Manta’s eyes widened, and they quickly fired a few shots of their ink onto the floor, which glowed with a deep azure blue tone. A low hum caught their ears as they tried to analyze the glass arena, and they hit behind a metallic barrel for a moment as 3 landed in a wide burst of their own ink, a rich, tiger orange color. Grunting, Manta shifted out of their octopus form, then spotted a tracing bomb fly over their shoulder. They ignored it for a moment before landing a few hits, then watched 3 roll out of the way. This didn’t stop Manta’s aim, however, and they managed to get enough hits to get the inkling covered in blue ink. They winced, watched the inkling fall to their knees, and panted for a moment, then looked up as 3 leapt out again, returning to their platform, and began inking again, so as to gain some ground.

The sound of respawning over their shoulder caught their attention, and they glanced back just as 3 leaped off again, performing the same splashdown of ink, but closer to them this time. 3's orange hair glowed, and Manta's eyes widened as they lifted a large bubble wand in their hand. What good does that do - wait - After a few bubbles, 3's shooting resumed, and one of the bubbles burst and nearly splattered onto Manta's body. I have enough ground covered - I think. Examining their ground for a moment, they fired a few more shots of ink out, then lost sight of the inkling for a mere moment.

Ping. Ping. Ping. They dove into their ink and slithered away as a tracking object approached their feet, then locked their eyes with 3's. Why are you doing this, I wonder? Doesn't matter, I guess. You've been giving me nightmares for days.

They threw a bomb of their own out as the inkling attempted to get another bubble out, smiling a little to themself as it rendered 3 useless again, the satisfying click of their burst armor hitting their ears. It's kind of like when I fought them before reaching the surface, except much more difficult. They hid in their ink for a few seconds, allowing themself a moment of recovery. But if it is...

I have a lot more work to do. They leaped away as 3 burst down near their feet again, bursting the single remaining bubble. This time, Manta's assurance in their own confidence led them to a quick cornering of the inkling, and they popped the inkling's armor again, then met their gaze. I don't want to fight you.

3 stared back, even in their crouched state. Your eyes say the same, but really... you're a reflection. The inkling launched away again, just as the shadow of their UFO passed over the blue octoling. There. They spun on their heels and made a quick dash towards an opposing side, tossing a bomb up at the agent as they aimed missiles down. A few orange torpedos nearly caught them, a little splashing onto their skin, and they winced, but didn't stop.

The first bomb, however, evidently wasn't enough, and the UFO shifted positions before more missile signs formed at their feet. Grunting, Manta made a quick dash for the wall, pushing off with their heels in order to gain some height, and tossed a second before they fell immediately into their octopus form. Although the weight wasn't as light, they managed to fall directly into their own ink, grinning. Almost over. To be honest, although you're a nightmare... you're kind of fun, Agent 3.

This distraction was brief, just enough for 3 to splash over them. Urgh... They glanced over their shoulder, body nearly coated in burning, orange ink, but pushed on, hiding behind a short, metallic pole just long enough to recover. The inkling, nonetheless, didn't hesitate, splashing down just behind them, but there was just enough time for Manta to slip away.

They rolled a bomb under 3's feet as they recovered from a third splashdown, and the octoling slipped into their own ink across the square. The inkling kept their relentless push, shots upon shots of ink plopping just behind Manta's ears, and 3 chased them behind the glassy, rectangular box.

One. They splashed once on the interior, and Manta aimed a few ink pellets over the edge of the glass.

Two. The octoling lead them around to their side, pressing against the glass as they met 3's gaze again.

Three. The inkling's final leap came almost over their head, but they slipped behind the short end and aimed back at them. Shots. One, two, three, four... five!

The inkling fell back as they got hit, now laying on their back in their own ink. From the UFO, a small, holographic screen appeared. Inner Agent 3 defeated. The screen shifted momentarily, revealing small, pixelated versions of Pearl, Marina, and the captain, among celebratory stickers. Congrats, Manta.

They closed their eyes, then opened them again, almost shakily finding themselves on one knee, journal still in front of them, now open. However, something else now caught their eyes, previously unseen... a golden toothpick? Manta grasped the end with their hand, then spotted a note pinned through the edge. CERTIFIED FRESH.

Hmm... They stood off of their knees, then read the open page, a final poem greeting their gaze.

Last, a hero wakes within,
But no fear, no nightmares here.
The hero is gone; today, we begin.

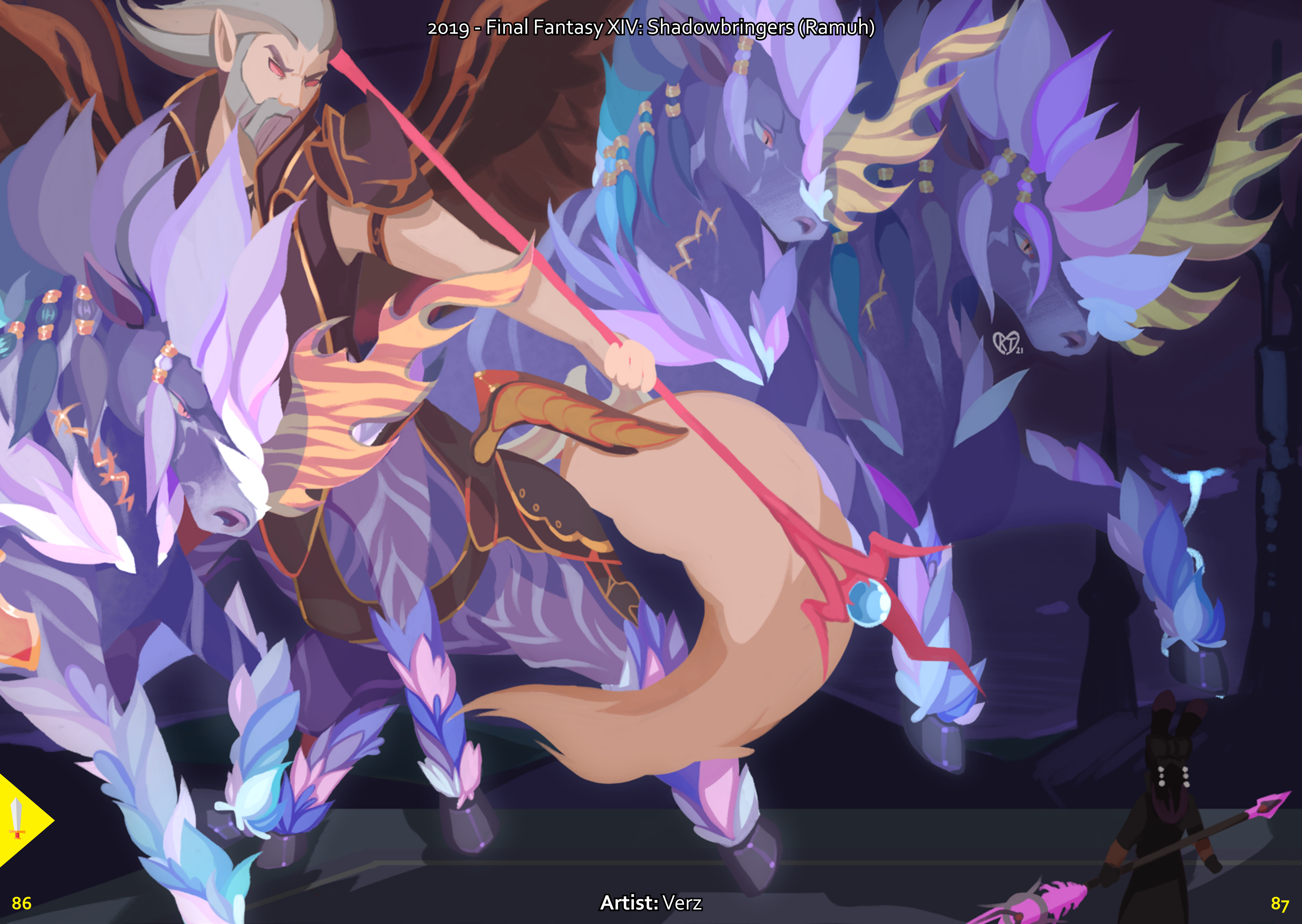
They glanced back, then went up to the still-damaged telephone, a remnant of their previous fight to the surface. No more nightmares. They smiled, then, at the torn doodle of the inkling, and Agent 3's eyes stared back at them.

Thanks, Agent 3. My nightmares of you are over.

2019 - Final Fantasy XIV: Shadowbringers (Shiva)

Artist: Emmy

2019 - Final Fantasy XIV: Shadowbringers (Ramuh)



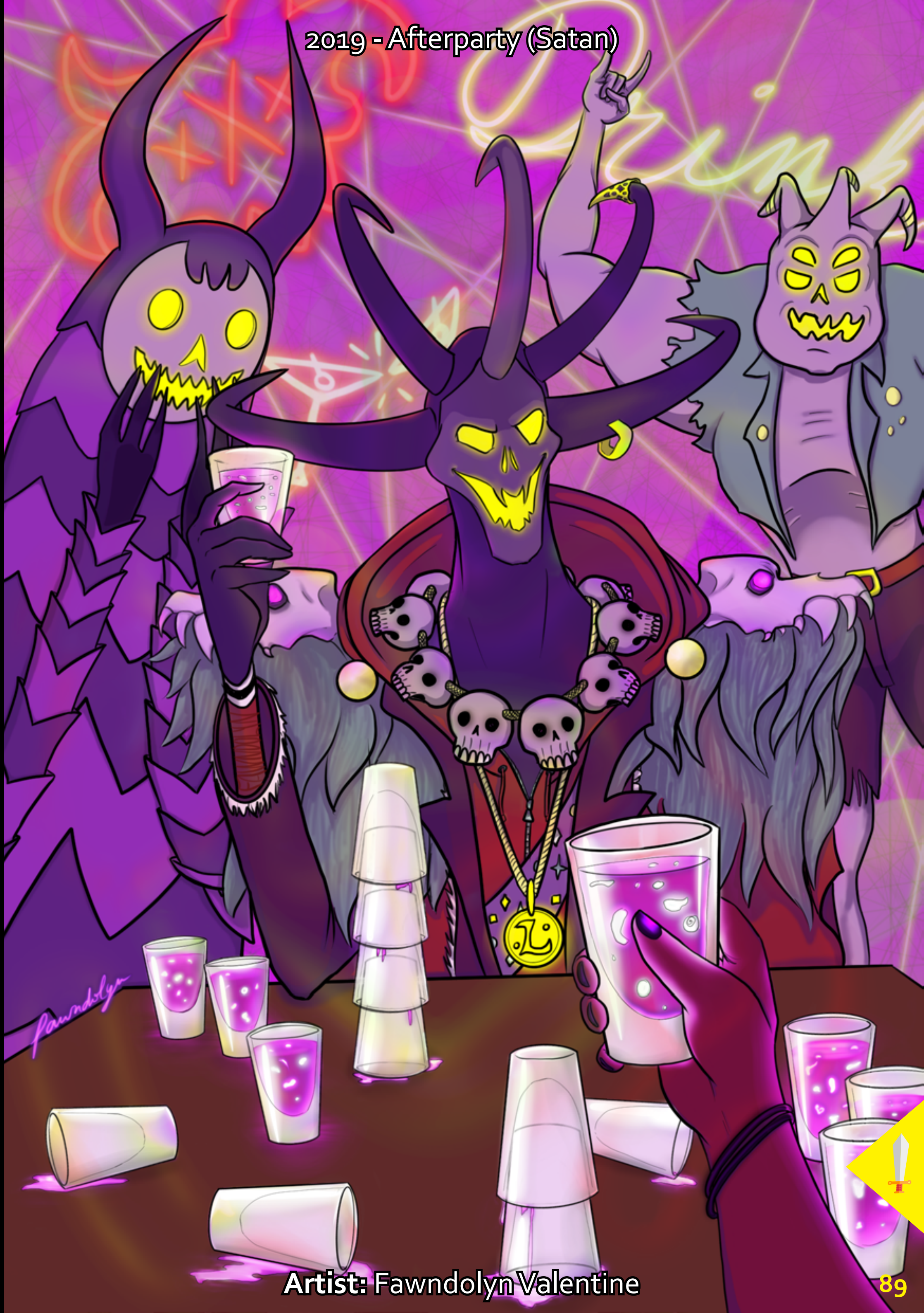
Artist: Verz

2019 - Touhou 17: Wily Beast and Weakest Creature (Keiki Haniyasushin)

Create!
gluttondraws.tumblr.com

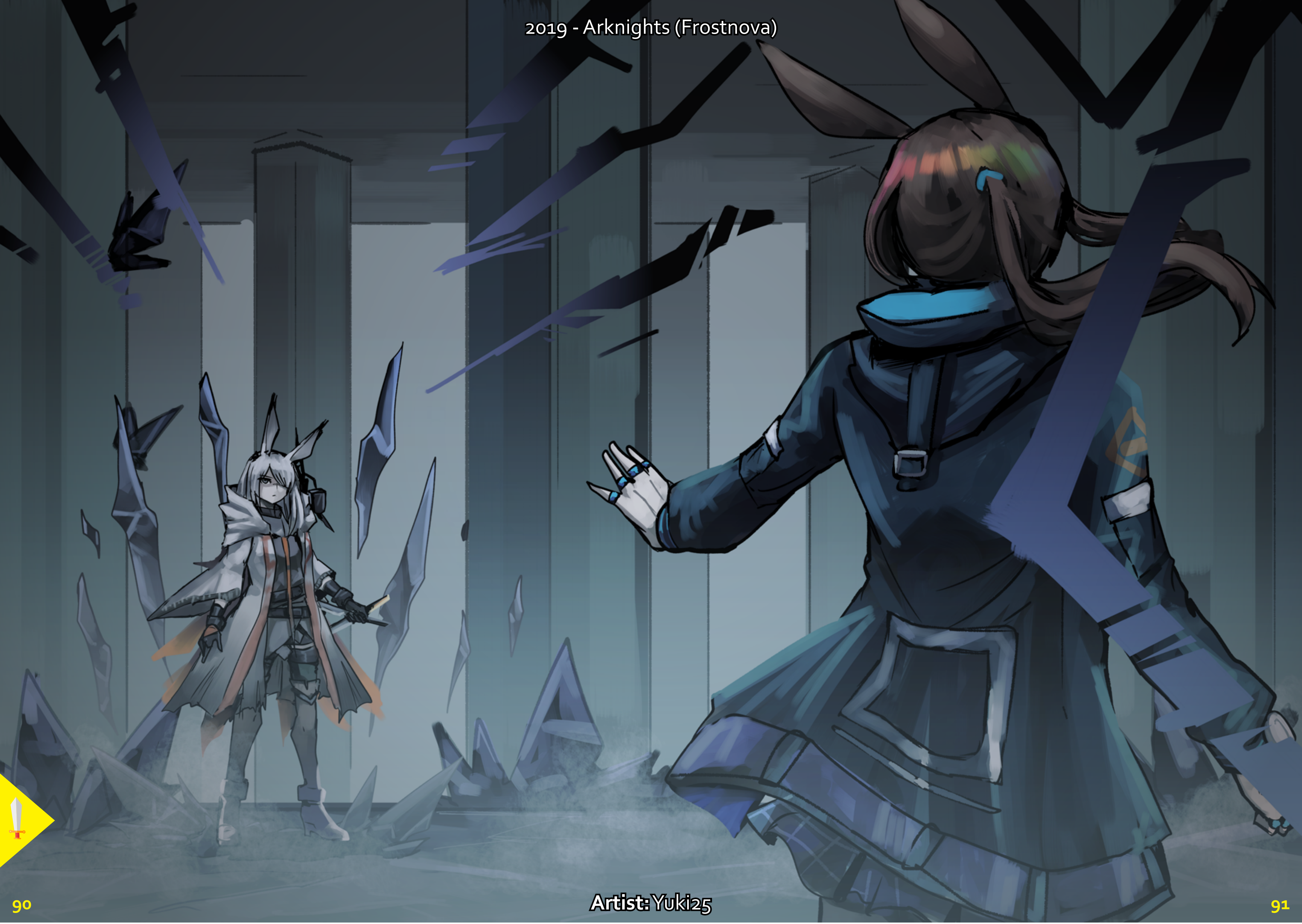
Artist: Glutton

2019 - Afterparty (Satan)


Drink
Fawndolyn

Artist: Fawndolyn Valentine

2019 - Arknights (Frostnova)



Artist: Yuki25

Laeta Finis*

By Taruchinator

(Xehanort from "Kingdom Hearts III" - 2019)

This was it.

The battle that had started decades ago and was now finally coming to an end.

Sora didn't really know what to expect once he followed Master Xehanort into the ball of darkness that was once Kingdom Hearts, but something in his gut told him that this would be a battle he might not return from. Which was why he had wanted to go at it alone at first, but Donald and Goofy were having none of it and had told him that he couldn't win without them. Three half pints made a whole, after all.

In hindsight, the brunette was glad that the duo had come along.

The fights against the strange vessels in Scala Ad Caelum were unlike anything they'd ever seen before, and no other villain they had encountered would even come close to the strength these had. Sora had to constantly rely on potions and healing magic from both Donald and himself to keep up, and would block one attack after another as the blows continued to come from all directions, leaving plenty of his powers rather ineffective if he didn't react quickly enough.

By the time he had gotten rid of the last of them, all vessels took their original shapes from black smoke and returned to their source, being Master Xehanort. The older keyblade master merely smirked as he called upon the darkness in his heart to transform himself into a creature similar to those of the vessels: A sturdy armor painted in black with chains dangling from his shoulders and a unicorn helmet of sorts with large horns stretched to the sides. The man attacked with balls of darkness which painted the sky and casted shadows over everything it touched, obstructing the trio of heroes' vision.

Sora started to deflect all attacks as fast as he could, continuously switching between Nano Gear so he could block from all directions and Ever After to use its final attack with light to try and counter Xehanort's darkness. It was clear he had to take a long distance approach while fighting, so the brunette relied mostly on shotlock attacks and all the support Donald and Goofy could give with Flair and Smash.

After finally breaking through the armor, the trio followed after the older keyblade master as he quickly sought for refuge in the top of the castle. Once reaching the peak, Sora layed eyes on the man in front of him with determination as he summoned his keyblade with conviction. "It's all over, Xehanort! There's nowhere left to run!"

Years ago when he had been gifted with the ability to wield a keyblade for the first time, Sora would've never imagined that he'd end up where he was now. No matter where he went during his past adventures, everyone would tell him that he was the one who would save the worlds and prevent them from falling into darkness, even though the only thing he wanted back then was to find his missing best friends. As a child, he didn't understand the severity of what was being placed upon his shoulders.
So many people connected to his heart that needed his help- his saving.

People that were crucial to the final battle for it to ever take place.

---

* "Laeta Finis" means "Happy Ending" in Latin :)

And despite him thinking that he never asked for any of this, there were others out there who didn't deserve the pain and suffering that they had gone through either.

Riku didn't deserve to be tricked and taken advantage of when he was in a vulnerable state by Ansem, and he certainly didn't deserve all of the hardships he endured all alone as he tried to redeem himself from the path of darkness; hardships that Sora didn't even have the full story on.

Roxas and Xion didn't deserve the pain and sorrow of having to fight against their best friends and being ripped away from their identities simply because they were 'never meant to exist', a lie fabricated by Xemnas who wanted nothing more than to manipulate and control them for the sole purpose of their connection to the brunette.

Terra, Aqua and Ventus didn't deserve to be used from the start as pawns for Xehanort to put his plan into action for the very first time, causing ruptures between the wayfinder trio for such a long time as it sent Ven into a deep slumber, Aqua into an unknown realm and Terra into an iron tight prison.

Ariel, Jack, Simba, Rapunzel, Hiro- None of them deserved to have their world swallowed by darkness.

Everyone deserved a happy ending, and closure that could only be achieved by defeating the one who started it all.

Blows from Master Xehanort's x-blade came from one side to another as he opened portals in different directions from Sora's point of view. The brunette deflected as many as he could, but would ultimately suffer from a few hits and scratches that left his body sore and could only feel better if he used Curaga spells as many times as possible. Donald and Goofy would try to deter the older man from the brunette so he could recover and aim his magic, but it was still rather difficult to pull off even with the three of them working together.

Turning to see the damage done to his companions, Sora felt guilty as he saw them panting heavily and trying to hold on as much as him.

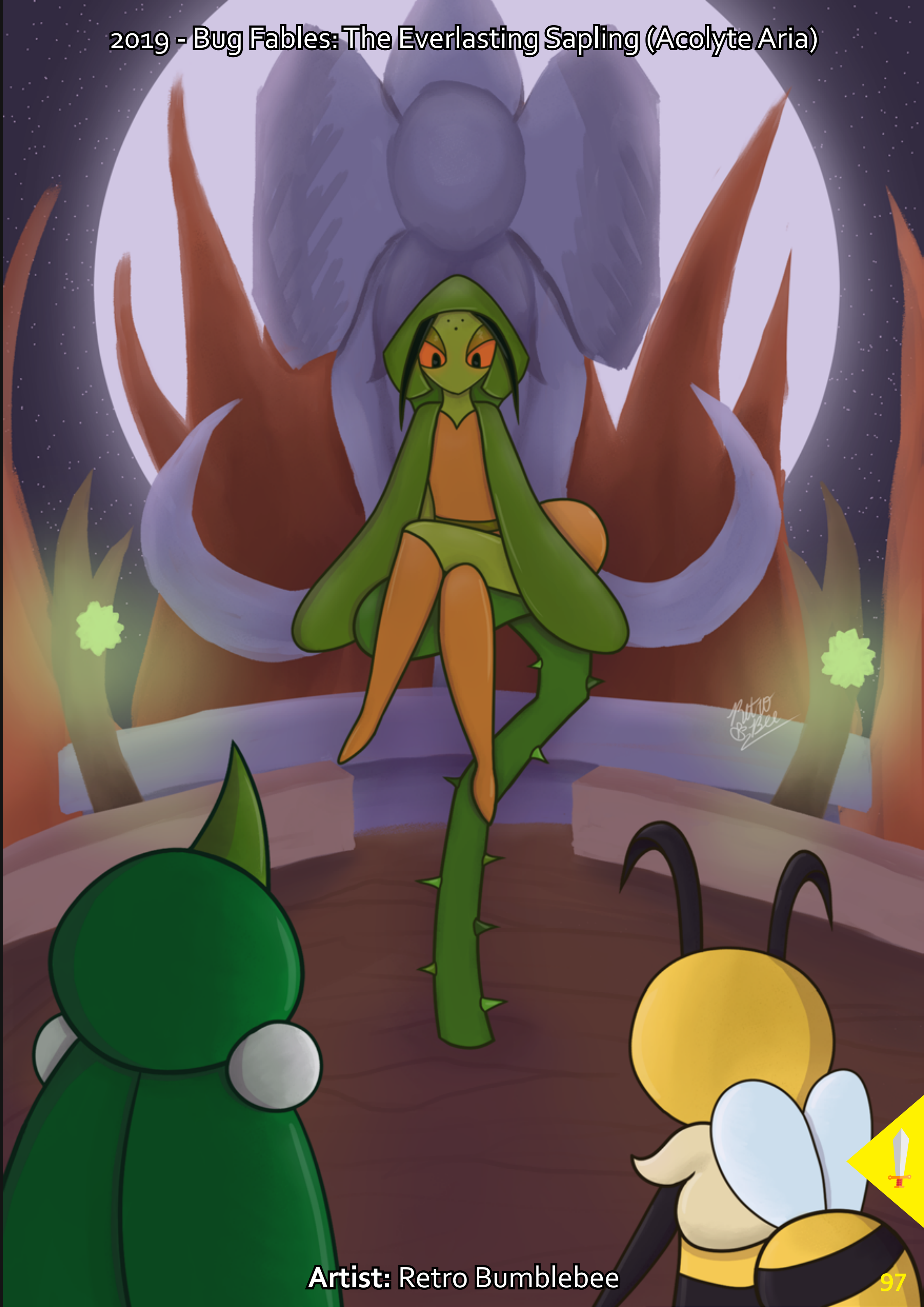
"This ends here and now, boy! No one will interfere with my destiny ever again!" Xehanort laughed out as he aimed his x-blade towards the brunette and immediately fired a ray of light which he quickly blocked as best as he could. The strength of the attack continued to push him back towards the ledge, and all Sora could do was think of a way to return the blow full force.
If he used Reflecta, he'd be able to give it back, but it was very likely that the blast would take him out too.
Lowering his gaze slightly, the brunette smiled sadly as he contemplated in his mind. "As long as everyone is safe... then.."

"SORA!" A duo of voices broke the boy from his trance as he felt two pairs of arms supporting him from each side as he continued to push Xehanort's ray of light away. There, Donald and Goofy stood by his side as they always did; making sure that he knew that they were there for him: A message that was so loud and clear, that no words needed to be spoken.

With their support, Sora was able to redirect the blast away from Xehanort and himself with ease, surprising the older man. With a smile on his face, he spoke with the same conviction as he did before.. "No, Xehanort. It ends now!"

Aiming a ray of light similar to his attacker's, the brunette closed his eyes as he pictured himself with his friends back at the Destiny Islands. Everyone deserved a happy ending. And he was definitely making sure that he got his.

2019 - Bug Fables: The Everlasting Sapling (Acolyte Aria)



Artist: Retro Bumblebee

Lightning of Tomoe

By Ailanthium

(Genichiro Ashina from "Sekiro: Shadows Die Twice" - 2019)

"My Lord, I have come for you."

Sekiro, the one-armed wolf, stood from the ground. His gaze was fixated on the man standing opposite him, barring him from the young master. Genichiro Ashina would use the boy to fulfill his own political ambitions. No matter how many times the wolf fell, he would rise again to meet him, until at last the young master was free from Genichiro's tyranny. He reached for the hilt of his katana, Kusabimaru.

"This . . . will only take a moment." Sekiro unsheathed his blade, raising it so that his eye stretched its length. In its reflection he saw a more perfect version of himself, brimming with confidence and undaunted by the foe before him.

"I see," Genichiro answered, dissatisfied by his earlier victory. He drew his sword and assumed a lower stance, hand hovering just over the blade. "For as long as you are alive, the dragon's blood can never be mine."

"Face me."

A single breath punctuated their short-lived dialogue. Then, they charged forward, swords clashing as they traded blows. Sparks scattered across the roof of Ashina Castle, melting small pockets in the snow. Genichiro's dominating attacks were parried effortlessly, countered with several quicker strikes that tore through his ceremonial armor.

Genichiro snarled, leaping away to distance himself from the fire-scarred shinobi. He drew his greatbow and loosed three arrows that whistled through the air before deflecting off Sekiro's blade. The broken arrows found their homes in the surrounding parapets.

"Shinobi, I didn't think I'd see you again."

He didn't allow the so-called wolf to rest on his laurels, though, jumping high into the air to bear his katana down upon him. Sekiro sidestepped the attack. Genichiro thought to fool him by following his strike with a low sweep across the floor, but Sekiro foresaw that, too. For his hubris, Genichiro was met with a foot to the face. Sekiro's straw sandal kicked Genichiro's helmet off, which met the floor with a loud clang.

Strands of the young man's hair fell loosely across his face, trailing his sharp, angular chin. Genichiro Ashina was handsome; the perfect image of a legendary hero painted in deep black inks. Sekiro was rugged and weary, scarred and unshaven; the perfect image of a man who faced certain death time and time again. It was impossible for Genichiro to imagine that such a battered and broken man could best him.

And yet, he could hardly defend himself against the wolf's relentless pursuit. His blood splashed upon the snow-covered ground, obscured by Sekiro's straw sandals. Genichiro raised his sword defiantly, then swung it around his body to put some distance between the two. Sekiro held his mechanical arm against the backside of his blade to steel himself against the blow. The wood flooring splintered below him as he withstood strike after strike that followed. When Genichiro had finally exhausted his strength, the wolf's blade sunk its teeth deep into his gut.

"Impressive, Shinobi of the Divine Heir," Genichiro spat, blood dripping down his chin. He grasped Sekiro's blade with his bare hand, forcing it out of his abdomen. "But you deserve better. Would you not answer to a different lord?"

"Heresy," he answered, tightening his grip.

"Heresy, you say?" Genichiro stepped forward, tearing his armor off piece by piece. The weighty metal clattered as it met the roof of the temple. "If it is for the sake of preserving Ashina, I will seize any manner of heretical strength."

Soon his chest was left entirely naked, revealing creeping black scars that spread from his arms to his torso. Genichiro's hair untangled itself in the growing storm around him, whipping across his face. Lightning flashed behind him, and thunder soon after.

"Behold," he announced, electricity licking his blade. "The Lightning of Tomoe."

Genichiro leapt into the air before the shinobi could even blink, floating there like a puppet on a string before his blade thrust toward him. Sekiro struggled to anticipate his unworldly movements, only barely avoiding getting impaled by Genichiro's blade. And when Sekiro countered with strikes of his own, they hardly fazed him. He could only conclude that Genichiro's very skin had hardened. The shinobi was no longer facing a man, but a monster—and he would be a fool not to use every tool at his disposal.

When Genichiro raced toward him once more, Sekiro opened a latch in his prosthetic arm that released a half-dozen firecrackers that exploded in Genichiro's face. The man merely grunted in response, stunned just long enough for the wolf to regain his footing and get a few swipes in before dashing away.

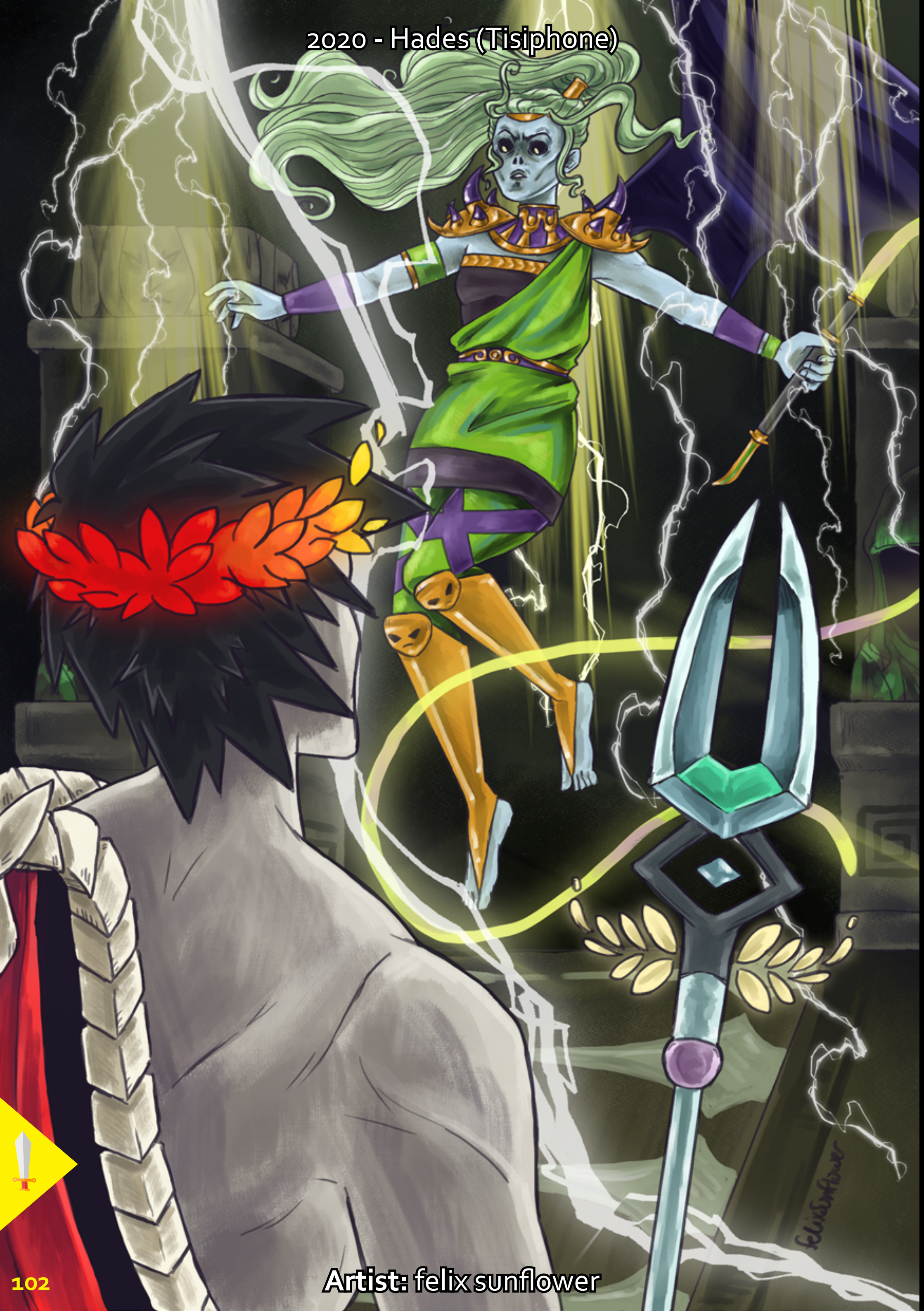
The storm answered to Genichiro's growing desperation, swirling malevolently around them. A bolt of lightning struck his blade as he reached for the sky, sheathing it in raw, blinding energy that extended into the heavens. Sekiro recalled the words of the ancient scroll in the temple below, telling of a secret technique that could be used to redirect lightning itself. He would have no time to prepare or practice, he realized. This would be his one and only chance.

Sekiro jumped to meet Genichiro, electricity wracking through his body. In the split second before gravity pulled him back to the ground, the shinobi contained the power of the gods and sent the lightning crashing back to its wielder. The fulmination of the strike forced him backward and into the parapets. There, the wolf slipped his blade between the man's ribs, tearing through his accursed flesh.

"Ash . . . ina . . ." Genichiro whispered, his breath giving way to bitter cold, his body slumping over into the nearby snow. The storm fell silent and the clouds began to break.

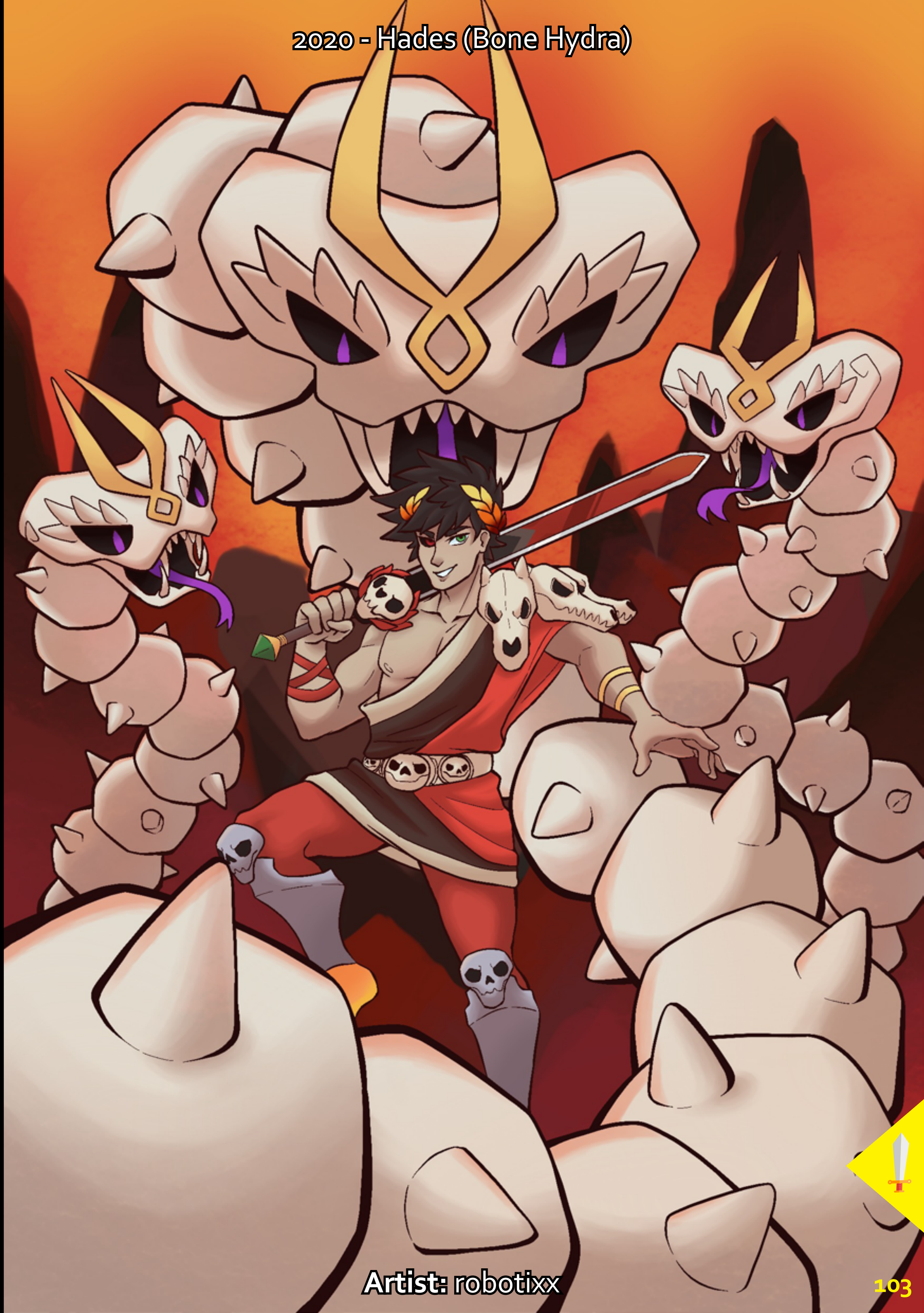
Sekiro wiped the blood from his blade before sheathing it. With his remaining hand, he offered Genichiro a final, silent prayer.

2020 - Hades (Tisiphone)



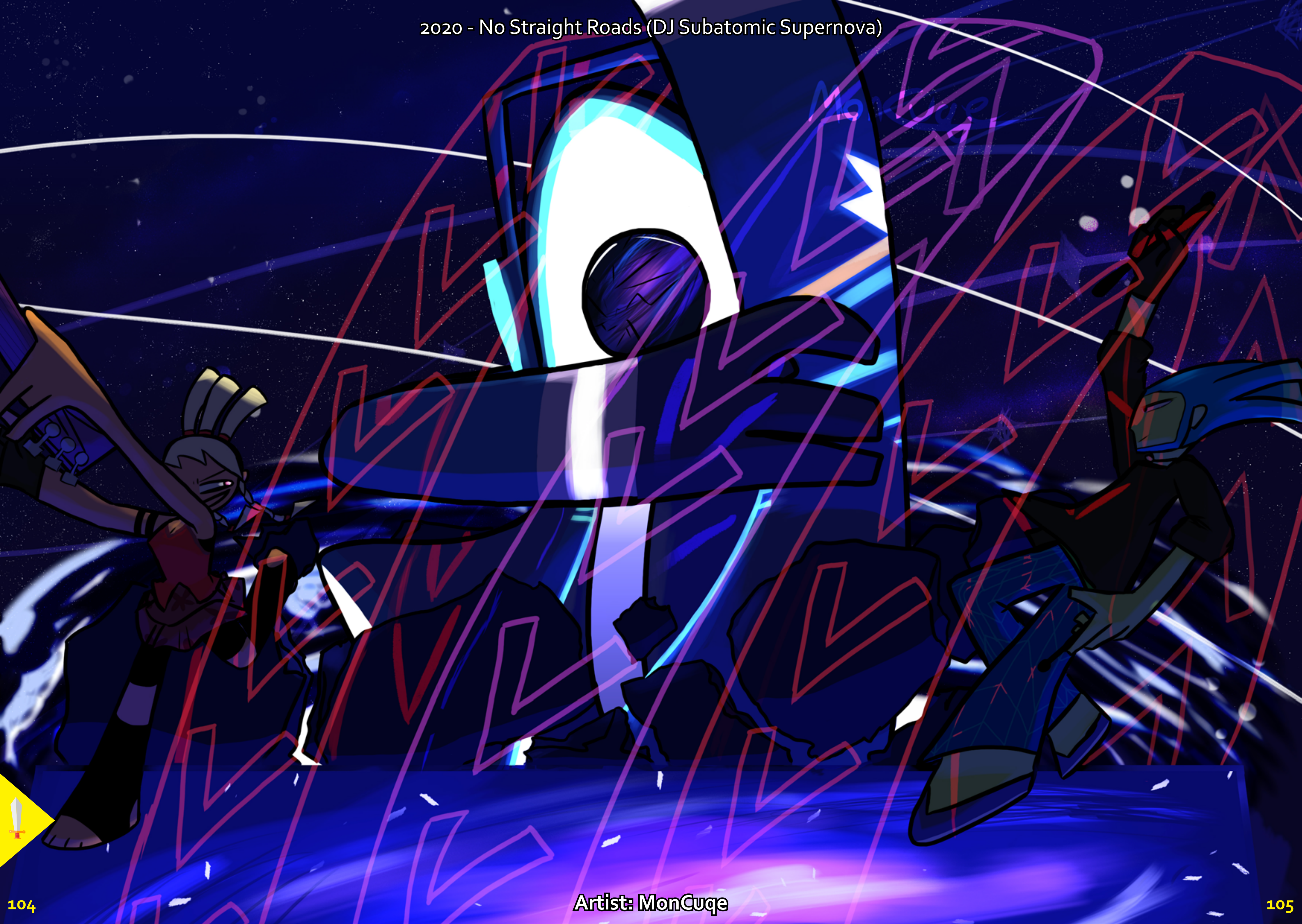
Artist: felix sunflower

2020 - Hades (Bone Hydra)



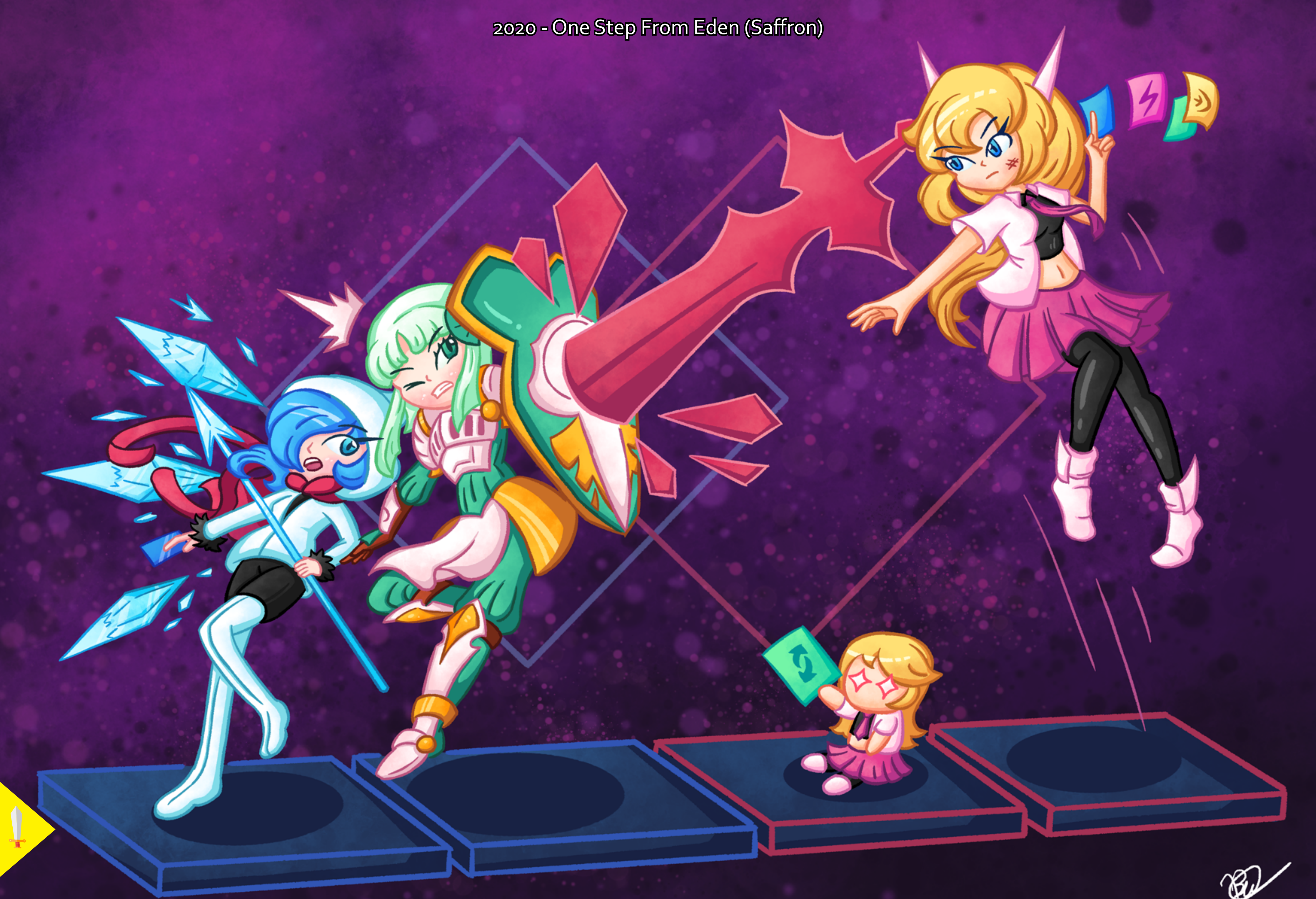
Artist: robotixx

2020 - No Straight Roads (DJ Subatomic Supernova)



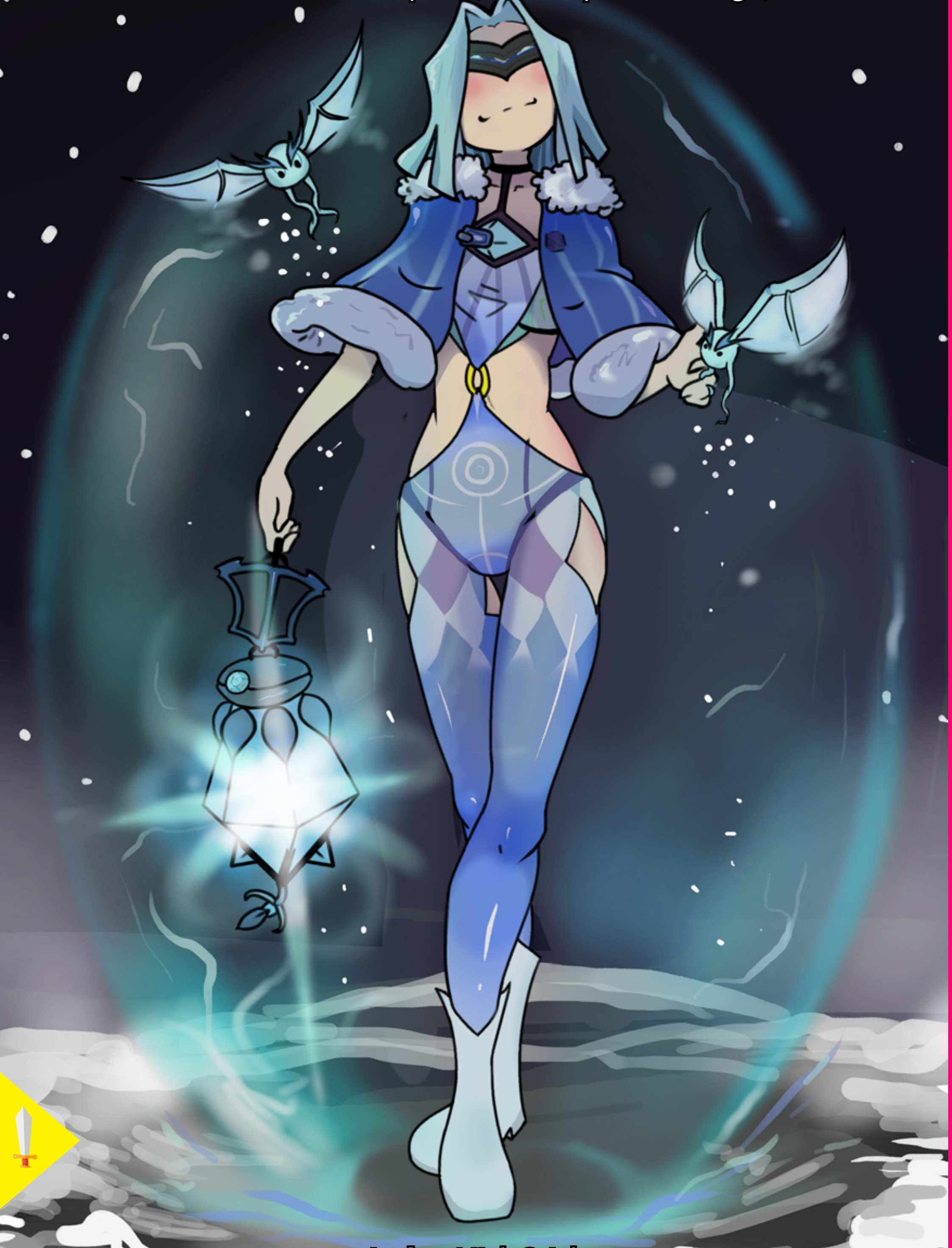
Artist: MonCuqe

2020 - One Step From Eden (Saffron)



Artist: Iced_Lemon

2020 - Genshin Impact (Fatui Cryo Cicin Mage)



Artist: Nick Stick

Earth Love
2019
Earth Love 2020
ultimate madoka x earth day zine
19 artists
4 writers
25 pages of
Madoka art
Earth Love 2020
ultimate madoka x earth day zine
itch.io

Check them out! - Ultimate Madoka x Earth Day zines

CREDITS

Socials and pages are clickable

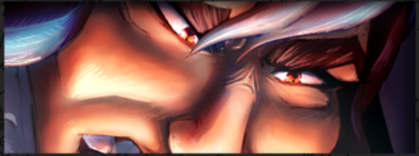
_SpaceKitten__
https://www.instagram.com/_spacekitten__/
Pages: 62, 63

aaron
https://1shimaru.tumblr.com/
Page: 44

Tian Masaki
https://www.artstation.com/tianmasaki
Pages: Front & Back Cover

Lightning of Tomoe

Ailanthium
https://twitter.com/Ailanthium
Pages: 98~101



angemagica
https://www.instagram.com/angemagica/
Page: 45

Ash Szyslak (sammakku)
https://sammakku.tumblr.com/
Page: 58

Spectre v. Spectre

CelestialArcadia
https://archiveofourown.org/users/CelestialArcadia
Pages: 50~54

Deadly Dance

Lua
https://archiveofourown.org/users/Kalua
Pages: 77~79

Capy
https://twitter.com/capycado
Page: 65

Chuuny
https://twitter.com/CannonSparkly
Page: 55

Nightmares

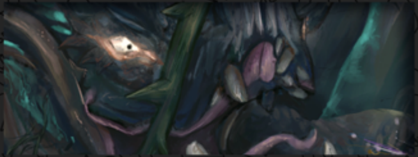
Piper
https://twitter.com/inkstorm
Pages: 80~84

Welcome Home

Laeta Finis

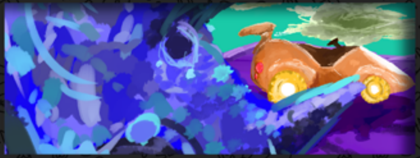
Taruchinator
https://twitter.com/taruchinator
Pages: 69~73, 92~96

Daidai
https://twitter.com/wenzhouu
Page: 60



Delight
https://delightsart.tumblr.com/
Pages: 56, 57

Doppio Hearn
https://www.deviantart.com/sweetdoppio
Pages: 12, 13



Eli niko
https://twitter.com/Elinikoli
Pages: 14, 15

Gina Ienopoli
https://www.instagram.com/ginpoli/
Page: 59

Glutton
https://gluttondraws.tumblr.com/
Page: 88

Emmy
https://twitter.com/art_emsi
Page: 85

Fawndolyn Valentine
https://instagram.com/fawndolyn
Page: 89

heckacentipede
https://instagram.com/heckacentipede
Pages: 34, 35

Iced_Lemon
https://twitter.com/Iced_Lemon_Draw
Page: 106, 107

felix sunflower
https://twitter.com/mousenebula
Page: 102

Fidjiby
https://twitter.com/fidjiby
Page: 38

iizthepotatolord
https://twitter.com/iizthepotatoart
Page: 61

K1d005
https://www.instagram.com/k1d005/
Pages: 66, 67

Finel
https://twitter.com/finelcountdan
Page: 74

Flaire
https://twitter.com/FlairesArt
Page: 40

KiKiD484
https://twitter.com/KiKiD484
Page: 19

Klondipedia
https://klondipedia.tumblr.com/
Page: 9

Koamaterasuhime
https://chibiranmaruchan.tumblr.com/
Page: 47

Linkyu
https://feryuu.tumblr.com/
Page: 10

MonCuqe
https://www.instagram.com/moncuqe/
Pages: 104, 105

MugenCosmonaut
https://www.twitter.com/
cosmonautmugen
Page: 18

Lizz
https://twitter.com/tennlevi
Page: 64

mach13
https://twitter.com/shinwagensou
Page: 17, 49

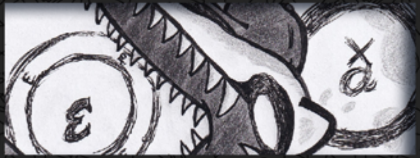
Neko
https://twitter.com/NekoSisterArt
Pages: 36,37

Nick Stick
https://twitter.com/NICKSTICK23
Page: 108

Mackenzie
https://www.instagram.com/artisiie/
Page: 75

Merlin McGraw
http://www.twitter.com/necromatador
Pages: 26,27

Nova
https://twitter.com/DrawingNova
Page: 30



Pants
https://twitter.com/PatchworkPants/
Pages: 8, 42

Mic S
https://twitter.com/weirdghostparty
Page: 31

MITY FRESH
https://twitter.com/MityFresh
Page: 32

Pepperly
https://pepperly.tumblr.com/
Page: 7

PlushKlavier
https://plushklavier.tumblr.com/
Pages: 20,21

Plutonia

Pages: 25, 41

Ran

https://twitter.com/serrannitto

Page: 76

Universally-Skullie

https://www.twitter.com/universkullie

Pages: 28,29

Verz

https://twitter.com/glitvhghost

Pages: 86, 87

Retro Bumblebee

https://twitter.com/retrobumblebee

Pages: 97

robotixx

https://instagram.com/robophobias

Pages: 33, 103

Vinny

https://twitter.com/hateno_village

Page: 11

Yuki25

https://twitter.com/yukidrive25

Pages: 90, 91

saan-vi

https://saan-vi-art.tumblr.com/

Page: 24

sketchypeppers

https://twitter.com/PeppersSketchy

Pages: 46, 47

Zaxiadus

https://twitter.com/Zaxiadus

Page: 68

Zazi

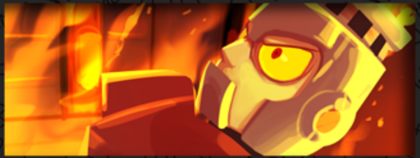
https://twitter.com/HyenaMonster

Page: 22

spaceboid.

https://twitter.com/spaceboid_

Page: 39



SpectrumW

https://twitter.com/mirabolantes256

Pages: 6

nini

https://kaminene.carrd.co/

Page: 16

CONGRATULATIONS!

Welcome back adventurer!
You managed to push back those monsters and we're all grateful in the headquarters. Did you use your sword? We hope so. Those bosses were not an easy task. No shame in getting some help along the way! Be sure to take some rest and enjoy your reward before undertaking another adventure!

Additional Credits

Vectors by Freepik
https://www.freepik.com/

A special thanks to all contributors
for checking and testing the zine before release.

Don't forget to play the Boss Rush Bingo!
Download the image and share with the hashtag #BOSSRUSHBINGO or tag us @dotzines!
(Use the bonus boss for extra points)

Thank you so much for downloading Boss Rush!

I hope you enjoyed this zine and found some new artists and writers to follow. Be sure to share this zine with your friends and show some love for all these amazing contributors.
They've put so much effort into this zine!
Did you find your favourite boss? If not... maybe there will be next time! Or maybe you can join us and draw them yourself!
(｡•` w-)✧

Be sure to follow dotzines socials to stay updated on upcoming zines! We can't wait to work with you again~

nini @dotzines

GAME OVER

TRY AGAIN?

UM...YES?

YES.

HECK YES!!!

.ZINES